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VOLUME VIII.

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NUMBER 37.

POETRY.

SEPARATION.

A wall grown up between the two—
A strong, thick wall, though all unseen
None knew when the first stones were laid,
Nor how the wall was built, I ween.

And so their lives were quite apart,
Although they shared one board, one bed;
A careless eye saw aught amiss,
Yet each was to the other dead.

He, much absorbed in work and gain,
A slight neglect, a tramping tone—
Grow soon unmindful of his loss;
A hard indifference, worse than hate,
Changed love's fine gold to worthless dross.

She suffered tortures all untold;
Too proud to mourn, too strong to die;
The wall pressed heavy on her heart;
Her white face showed her misery.

Such walls are growing fast by day,
'Twixt man and wife, 'twixt friend and friend;
Would they could know, who lightly build,
How sad and bitter is the end!

A careless word, an unkind thought,
A slight neglect, a tramping tone—
Such words as these, before we know,
Have laid the wall's foundation stone.

STORE TELLER.

THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT IT.

I remember the way it began. It
was in April, and some of the house-
cleaning was done. The parlor stove
had been taken down and sewed up
in its usual canvass bag for the sea-
son. Auntie said she wouldn't have
the dirt and mus of a fire upon her
freshly turned carpet. We were so
sorry, Daisy and Tom and I, because
it was the one cheery spot in the whole
room. Outside of the dear old thin-
legged and thinner-toned piano there
wasn't now a comfortable feature in
the whole grim circumference of it.

And because it was April, and some of
the house-cleaning done, auntie would
have it that the parlor was comfort-
able. Her poor dear nose was red,
and her thin hands were blue, and we
felt so sorry to see her freeze with
prayer-book in her hand. She hadn't
eaten much meat during Lent, and
looked sadly worn, and so very blue
with the cold. As for Daisy and me,
we staid out by the kitchen range
pretending to be still doing up the
dishes, and it was a mercy we did, for
Cousin Tom came right to us instead
of blurring into the parlor with his
pale face and melancholy news. Some-
how the minute he took his hat off I
knew by the looks of his hair that
something had happened. It usually
lay kind of curly and soft about his
forehead, but now it was lank and
stiff and petrified-looking. He came
right up to us and said, in a blood-
curdling way, "Girls, the bank has
busted."

"Not auntie's bank?" said Daisy, for
I couldn't speak.

"The one where she kept her tin,"
said Tom. "It's gone up the spout!
Clean!" he added, with mournful em-
phasis.

With one accord we took a peep
through at auntie, as people always
will gaze upon a fallen horse, a house
afire, or any other miserable spectacle.

She was sitting up by the window
as stiff as ever; her nose from red had
become blue, and her hands had de-
epened to a purple.

There was a gray
look in her face of age, of loneliness,
of Heaven knows what, that set the
tears to flowing out of Daisy's lovely
eyes and made a queer lump in my throat.

"Who can tell her?" whispered
Daisy, while we all shrank at the bare
thought of such a thing.

"After all, why tell her?" said Cousin
Tom. "I always draw the money; it
will be an easy thing to keep up the
humbug of the book."

"But the humbug of the money is the
difficult part," I said.

"Well, it will be a tight shive," said
Tom; "there'll be some tall scrooge-
ing when rent day comes around, but
I think I can manage it now."

We knew that Tom was in an in-
surance office, and though the work
was light, the pay was correspond-
ingly vaporous, and he had always given
what he could to the mutual support.
I was glad to see him put so brave a
face upon the calamity; but, now that
auntie's income was gone, I couldn't
see how we were to make ends meet.
It had always served to pay the rent,
which was a big item in our expenses.

We lived across town—no matter
where; we had the whole second and
part of the third floor in one of those
old-fashioned, deep window-silled,
wide, and mellow mansions, that was
quite genteel and grand when auntie
first went to housekeeping with her
two little orphan nieces. Daisy was
but a baby then, and it was not till
some years later on that she gave shel-
ter to Cousin Tom. By that time this
spacious domain was sadly altered;
the paint had become more and more
yellow with every year that went by;
the walls took a deeper, not to say a
dingier, hue; and the foreign element
evolved itself to such an extent about
us that the Balbriggans, the family

occupying the rest of the house, de-
clared that we might as well be living
in Germany. At length the Balbrig-
gans moved away, and the lower floor
was turned into a shop for a tailor
with an unpronounceable name. He
was a good-natured man, with quite
an ear for music; and auntie said he
might add a Von to his name if he
wanted to, which privilege he was
sensible enough to refuse, as it was ev-
er too much long already. I went to
the store very heavy-hearted that morn-
ing, and could scarcely get patience to
endure the whims and ways of my
customers. On the way home my
head began to ache as well as my
heart; but before I was well up the
steep I heard the jingle of the piano.
Tom was there before me, and he and
Daisy were singing away at the old
yellow key, while auntie sat in her
usual chair by the window, dressed in
the rusty alpaca that she had worn at
least a hundred afternoons, keeping
time, in her accustomed way, with her
thin, long-fingered patrician hand.

The day was closing gently without
wind or rain, and at parting the sun
shed a flattering beam upon the faded
old room, the threadbare carpets, the
horse-hair seats, and stiff old engrav-
ings. One lingering ray fell full upon
the lovely head of Daisy as she stood
there singing away at the top of her
voice, her mouth opened wide, her
cheeks glowing, her eyes shining like
sapphires. It was an old lyric of Hey-
ward's, of which auntie never grew
tired. Tom had squared himself to
the piano with the air of a professor,
and in his way was as fair to look up-
on as Daisy herself. The happy tears
sprang to my eyes as I looked and
listened. My heart lightened. Pres-
ently my tired feet began to keep
time to the tuneful measure:

"Pack clouds away, and welcome day;
With night we banish sorrow.
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, lark, aloft,
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind, to please her mind,
Notes from the lark, I'll borrow.
Bird, plume thy wing, nightingale, sing;
To give my love good-morrow.
Notes from them both I'll borrow."

"Ach, wunderschön!" said a voice
from the door, and there was the old
German tailor from the floor below
rubbing his hands in ecstasy. Indeed,
as the song said, they borrowed their
notes from the lark and nightingale,
so full and rich and sweet were they!
Since ever these children had been
able to raise a note they had warbled
together to the jingling of this worn-
old spindle-thread of an instru-
ment. It was the only amusement,
the one distraction, of the household.
The Balbriggans were a musical family;
Daisy had once a fine contralto of her
own; and, though I could not carry a
tune, I had a fine appreciation for the
sweet burden of those more fortunate,
and thanked God fervently for this
gift to yonder too, who sang and sang
away long after auntie and I had gone
to dish up the evening meal. The
potatoes were so mealy, the ham and
eggs so crisp and inviting; Daisy had
made a wonderful pudding; I took
heart of grace, and grew content once
more.

"Let's leave it all to God, dear,"
I whispered to Tom. "He who cares
for the fall of a sparrow will not see
us want."

"Hum—yes," said Tom, raising his
eyebrows and shrugging his shoulders
—tricks he had learned from the for-
eigners about us—"yes; but God
helps them that help themselves," and
while we're on the Scriptures, Prudy,
don't you forget that nice little par-
able about the fellow who came to
grief through hiding his talent in a
napkin. We must do the best we can
with whatever accomplishments we
may have; eh, Prue?"

"I'm sure I've always striven—" I
began, for the words of the boy hurt
me.

"Now, Prudy," he broke in, "who
said you didn't? I'm only alluding
to others."

"Well, as for you—" I began again;
but he cut me short by declaring that
he had been a second Hercules. "Who,
then, do you mean?" I said, wonder-
ingly; for what could poor old auntie
do more than she did, and Daisy was
but a child as yet—barely twenty the
coming June.

"Nous verrons," said Tom, who in-
terlarded his conversation in a polyglot
way.

From that time out Tom really did
work like a heathen Hercules. Ev-
ery night he went back to the office,
and worked there till close on to mid-
night. I had no idea that in the in-
surance business people could be so
hurried, and, indeed, had heard of
considerable depression in all the
mercantile branches; but Tom as-
sured me that the rush in his line of
business was remarkable; that people
stood in a line and waited till their
turns came around, and there seemed
to be no diminution in the rush as yet.
He hoped it would last till summer,
and begin again with renewed zeal
with the gales of autumn.

"Life and property are so uncer-
tain," I said, mournfully. "But I'm
afraid you'll be worn out, Tom."

"Not at all," he cried; "I rather en-
joy it. It's good fun, you know, to
see people so excited and enthusiastic.
I'm going to take Daisy down here to-
night, Prue. She's crazy to go, and
what on earth harm can there be?
Now you know I love her better than
my life; and do you suppose I'd risk
hurting a hair of her lovely head?
But I believe there's more in her than
anybody fancies. I'm going to see,
anyhow. And don't look as if you'd
seen a ghost, Prue. I'll be there to
look after her."

"But what can the child do there?"
"Do!" he cried. "*Der Leibe Him-
mel!*" Tom grasped and shook his
head as if the subject was too much
for him. Then he added, more sober-
ly, "She can do lots of things, Prudy—
sorting out pens and paper, and—and
lots of things. You've no objection to
her going anywhere under my protec-
tion, have you?"

"N—no," I stammered; but I didn't
half like it, and couldn't understand
it. "If she must do something, why
can't I get her a situation in the store
with me?"

"Pah! Never!" said Tom. "Good
gracious, I should think not! That
would be another case of hiding one's
light under a bushel; and such a
bushel! Now just leave it to me,
Prue."

I was silent, but not convinced.
Auntie was more easily won over. Tom
was her oracle. She never appealed
from Tom.

So Daisy went, with much shyness
and confusion and trembling, from
which I argued that this experiment
would soon spend itself. What was
my chagrin when, several days after,
Daisy, with a burst of tears, threw
herself upon my neck, and declared
that hereafter she could bear her share
of the family expenses; that her ven-
ture was a success, and she was en-
gaged.

I looked from her to Tom, my thin
slow blood beginning to quicken.

"Engaged!" I repeated.

"Yes," said Tom, glibly, "she made
a hit; I told you she would. It was
splendid. She carried everything be-
fore her. I never was so proud of
anything in my life."

"How?" repeated Tom, also some-
what soberly. "Why—why—a—you
don't know the routine, you see, Prue.
It's difficult to explain; pens and pa-
per and stamps—particularly stamps.
She's engaged in the stamp depart-
ment, Prue."

Daisy said not a word, but looked
so glad and radiant, poor child, I had
no further heart to hinder their joy;
but I couldn't help saying that I had
no idea they had ladies at the office.
Tom had never mentioned it.

"Ladies! God bless you, Prue,
they're everywhere. The whole gov-
ernment will be administered by the
fair sex one of these days, and quite
right, too. Now don't you worry
about Daisy. I'll take care of her."

But I did worry, nevertheless. To
have Daisy employed at that extra
night-work made me nervous and un-
comfortable. In vain they assured
me the work was light and easy and
profitable; in vain Daisy pointed out
to me the advantage of being able to
stay at home with auntie, who was
growing old and incapable of domes-
tic duties; in vain Tom counted, out
of the mock bank-book, the crisp notes
for the rent; in vain Daisy bought
for me the pretty tinted engraving I
had so long coveted; that a bright
carpet covered the old parlor floor,
and little graceful knickknacks made
their way into the empty old cor-
ners, and auntie rejoiced in a soft,
fine cashmere robe that clung com-
fortingly to her poor, shrinking form.
In vain—in vain. I was miserable,
most miserable. Rather the humble
security and safety—far rather. My
days were passed in tormenting,
doubtful reverie; my nights were
haunted by melancholy dreams, so
that I started up in bed, and was nev-
er satisfied until I had gone to look
at Daisy, and bending over the child
was only content to find her sleeping
innocently, with her rounded cheek
upon her arm.

I never could get to sleep till Tom
and Daisy were home, and everything
settled for the night; and I used to
lie awake listening for the rumble of
the cab wheels; for it seemed their
united efforts could now afford a cab.
Daisy always came straight to me, and
kissed me good-night; and I can not
tell what it was that made me more
and more wretched as the brilliant,
beautiful creature bent over me with
all the more of her old tenderness. On
one of these nights I lay awake for a
long time after she had gone, and
finally I went wandering, as usual, to
Daisy's bedside. She slumbered easi-
ly, like a little child, with her hand
buried in the fluffy waves of her hair,
and gazing thus I fancied I saw a deep
red bar of crimson upon her cheek,
and scarcely knowing what I was
about, I held the lamp still closer, and
taking the fine cambric frill of her
night-gown I rubbed it lightly upon
the stain, and, yes—ah! the bitterness
of having a damning doubt confirmed!
—ah! yes, the color came off. The

child's cheek had been painted! It
was a mercy to God I did not drop
the lamp upon the floor. I dropped
there myself shortly after, and knew
no more until the morning. I remem-
ber the cold gray light of day stealing
into my room, and then dropped off
again into an exhausted slumber till
noon. I heard Daisy's soft footfall at
the door, and closed my eyes, for I
couldn't bear to look upon her. She
went softly away again, only to come
shortly after and look at me again.
The next footstep I heard was Tom's.
Coming on tiptoe in my room, which
made his boots squeak all the more,
he found my eyes wide open and start-
ing upon him. He started back in
alarm, for I suppose he saw something
wild and strained about them.

"Why, my dear old Prudy—" he be-
gan.

But I drew him closer to me, and
whispered, fiercely: "No more night-
work for Daisy. I won't have it. Do
you understand? Pray God it may
not be too late to save the child now!"

His face took a serious expression,
and he pulled at his mustache. "Now
see here, Prue," he said, "don't for
heaven's sake get any nonsense of that
kind in your head. She couldn't drop
out now, you know; the very devil
would be to pay."

"Yes, you have said it," I replied,
bitterly: "it is the devil who reaps
the profit. God help me! what am I
to do?" And seeing Daisy trembling
in the doorway, I held out my arms
to her; her sweet eyes filled, and she
threw herself, sobbing, upon my
breast.

I hated to hurt the child, I hated
to shock Tom, but something must be
done at once to check these evil ways;
and while I strove for a word to begin
with Tom said that some old woman
had been meddling, he supposed.

"Oh, Tom, I was the witness to my
own misery!" And then, keeping
Daisy's face hidden near my heart, I
told them of all my fears for Daisy's
increasing vanity, my awful doubts
about the glitter of her beauty, and at
last the discovery of the dreadful stain
upon her cheek.

I expected to see Tom fall back
aghast. I thought that Daisy would
sob the more, and hide her face the
closer. To my surprise Tom blew a
long, low whistle, and Daisy raised
her head and looked at him.

"There's no use talking, Tom; I
won't go on with it if it makes Prue
feel so badly. I couldn't Tom, if I
made a thousand dollars a night."
This was what Daisy said, and began
stroking my hair and fondling me
again as if I were the diseased and
pitiable one. I thought I should go
mad with bewilderment, when Tom
spoke again.

"Now see here, girls," he said, "no
more melancholy pumping, please;
there's misery enough in the world
without going out of one's way to find
it. The best way to convince Prue
that everything is right is to let her
see for herself. I propose to take
Prue down with us to-night."

"To the—the—" faltered Daisy.

"To the insurance office," said Tom.
"She can remain there, and watch us
at our work; and if, taking into con-
sideration the fact that we must earn
an honest living in some way, she
finds this one altogether objection-
able, we'll let it slide. Now dry your
tears and call it a bargain. Suspend
further agony till to-night, and in the
meanwhile I'll go out and look at my
culinary venture."

He went out, and I heard him whis-
per as he went. It was very bewilder-
ing that he should take so grave a
matter in that way.

"Is this the little girl, Daisy," I
said, solemnly, "that has lain so many
years at my heart—my pure, innocent
little sister?"

"Yes, yes, Prudy, a thousand times
yes," she cried. "I'm a great deal
better and happier than ever I was,
because I can help along with the
rest."

Then I kissed her, and turned my
tired head to the pillow. I was only
too glad to take a brief and troubled
respite. And shortly after I arose and
dressed, and toward evening Mrs.
Balbriggan called to tell me that Tom
had asked her to go with me in the
evening.

I did not like this foolish and fussy
woman as a witness to probable shame
or discomfiture, but hadn't much time
for further worry. Mrs. Balbriggan,
finding it impossible to induce me to
fix what she called my front hair, de-
voted her attention to her own, and
gave way at times to an unseemliness
of mirth which I thought sadly out of
place; but she had always been a ri-
diculous old woman. We got into the
cab that Tom had provided, and short-
ly went into what Tom called the side
entrance to the insurance office, and
made our way into a gaudy little cur-
tained stall, with a lot of fiddlers
twanging away within a hand's-
breadth. O the bitterness of that mo-
ment! Tom, the lad that I had loved
and trusted, had tricked me into com-
ing to the theatre to assuage a misery
that he could not understand or com-

fort, and had given me over to the
company of this crazy Balbriggan wom-
an, who was already pulling upon her
pudgy hands a pair of yellow gloves
many sizes too small. My heart swell-
ed to bursting. I looked about me
for a means of escape, but the play
had already begun, and the stage was
filled with a motley crowd of women
and sailors. One of these exchanged
a glance with Mrs. Balbriggan, sid-
ling up to the box, and another of
them followed her. Mrs. Balbriggan
nudged me with her fan, and asked if
I had ever seen them before. And
one of the poor creatures giggling up
in my face, I couldn't but see the
startling resemblance to Jane Balbrig-
gan, while the fat little tawdry thing
by her side was the image of her sis-
ter Susan. Scarce recovered from this
bewilderment, I saw that one of the
sailors was John; and another
poke of Mrs. Balbriggan's fan drew
my attention to a fine, handsome young
officer just striding upon the stage.
Before he began to sing I knew it was
Tom, and sank back in my seat.

"It's quite a family party," said Mrs.
Balbriggan. "There's lots of 'em from
the choir in the Lutheran church—,"
but a loud burst of applause drowned
her voice, and before that awful Bal-
briggan began jogging me with her
fan I knew the awful moment had
come. I suppose I was a fool. Other
people might have been proud of
her beauty and talent and success, but
the tears rained out of my eyes; and
as she stood there in the big bonnet
that only served to set off her lovely
face, and bowed to the gaping crowd,
I felt as many another wretched soul
when seeing a dear one upon the sea-
fold. It was all in vain—the glitter-
ing lights, the melody and bewitchery,
the brazen boldness of the Balbrig-
gans, and their mother's cool serenity.
I sat there pale and forlorn, repeating
to myself the lines of the scolding By-
ron:

"From the rose you have shaken the tremulous
dew,
From the grape you have pressed the soft inno-
cent blue."

It was hard for the dear child, I
knew, to come straight from the ad-
miration and applause of the multi-
tude to the frantic clutch and wild im-
plore of her poor pride of a sister.
"It's only the Pinafore, Prue," be-
gged Tom; the purest, neatest, most
charming little opera, and Little
Buttercup has to do with nobody but
me. You wouldn't object to her being
a prima donna, if it lay in her power?"

"God knows I would!" I said, and
they shook their heads hopelessly.
What was the use of striving? The
mischief was done. I could coax Dai-
sy into a reluctant consent to give it
up, but the child's heart would be
there. What was the use? I was, as
Mrs. Balbriggan said, an absurd,
prinkly old maid. I made no further
complaint or resistance, and Daisy
thought I was resigned; but Tom has
promised me, on his honor, that he
and Daisy will be married soon, and
that his wife shall never set her foot
upon the stage.

A SOCIAL GATHERING OF DEAF-MUTES.

[Lafayette, Ind., Herald, Aug. 23, 1879.]

A social gathering of deaf-mutes
took place at the fruit-drying house
of Curwin & Cross, at Waterford,
August 2d. This was the second
yearly association. It numbers twenty-
two, mixed with about an equal num-
ber of hearing neighbors, who seemed
much interested in seeing the sign-
language—a foreign one indeed.
Among the jolly deaf-mutes present
were Mr. B. Nordyke and wife, Mr. N.
Lepp and wife, Mr. J. J. Cross and
wife, Mr. B. C. Cross and wife, Mr. P.
Schuster and wife, Miss Swanson, Mr.
J. Cross, of the only college of deaf-mutes
of the world at Washington, D. C., Miss
Grace Chamberlain, of Michigan, (this
young lady drove together with her
mother and sister more than twenty
miles, with ardent zeal to see such a
social.) Mr. E. N. Bowes and wife,
Mr. Frodenburg and wife, and Messrs.
Loving, Pischke, Whitmore, and Han-
ley. Of the hearing partakers, Mr.
Daniel Low, M. M. Mudge, Mrs. Cham-
berlain and daughter, Mrs. Pointon,
Mrs. P. Bevington and wife, Mr. and
Mrs. Richard Cross (the host and host-
ess, and others whose names the writer,
being then in haste, could not call
back to mind. The speechless par-
takers had converse, a set of croquet
to play with, swing and other games;
but by their inclination they were en-
gaged, chiefly in active and pleasant
conversation, since they had been at
their respective homes far apart, and
had seldom visited each other.

By frequent association its partici-
pants are, it is sure, brightened up
of their wits and refined of their sense.
So says Pope thus, "How the wit
brightens, how the sense refines."

Two plentiful and bountiful feasts
were served each at noon and 6 p. m.
These made all the partakers plump
and jolly, so proved from the famous
quotation, "laugh (feast) and grow fat,"
so bad it is that some philosophers
forgot to insert *feast* in this quota-
tion! Before the close of the so-

called festival day, the deaf-mutes were
called together exclusively in the open
air, and several motions made, which
were unanimously carried, relative to
appointing a committee, etc., for the
purpose of re-organizing another meet-
ing of similar character next year.
(1880.) A Sfy.

"HE MAKETH BOTH THE DEAF
TO HEAR AND THE DUMB TO
SPEAK."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I enclose the fol-
lowing editorial, and ask for it a place
in your columns. It is from the pen
of the editor of the *Standard of the
Cross*, a church paper, published at
Cleveland, O., and read extensively.
This editorial may be taken as indicat-
ing a growing interest in the special
work of the church now commanding
much attention from church people
and others. It will also show that
there exists a conviction as to the need
of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes
being placed on a firm working basis,
with larger means and a larger mis-
sionary force.

A. W. MANK.
Cleveland, O., Aug. 27, 1879.

People whose attention has never
been called to the interests of deaf-
mutes have but little conception of
the depth of the affliction to which
they are subject. Indeed, the saddest
feature of the case is that the deaf
themselves do not seem to realize, if
left to themselves, the magnitude of
the infirmity to which they are natu-
rally exposed. What is ignored or for-
gotten is, that hearing is the sense up-
on which the growth of the mind most
depends. It is true that schools are
places of books; and the book is the
symbol of the school. But a moment's
reflection will show that the school is
more important to the mind than the
book; the symbol is not sufficient
to replace the reality. And if this is
so with hearing persons, in whose ear
is the continual stimulus of sounds
that need to be explained, sounds
proceeding as it were always from su-
perior intelligence to their own, but
inviting them to understand what
their fellow men understand, how
much worse is the condition of those
whose moral and social training it-
self requires them patiently to see and
not understand! What wonder is it
if, almost from the start, the deaf are
hopelessly distant in the intellectual
race? Is it not most remarkable that
the cases of idiocy do not constitute a
much larger percentage of their num-
ber than they do? For it is to be further
noticed that the difficulty of mental
growth of which we speak is such as
besets especially the beginning of intel-
lectual life. As with hearing and speak-
ing persons, after a good schooling,
ordinary persons may be trusted to keep
abreast of their generation, so with
mutes, to whom the pages of intellec-
tual life are once unfolded, they may
be expected of their own will to read
on, according to their needs and oppor-
tunities. But the chances are much
greater that mutes may fail of that
charity and patience which is neces-
sary to first schooling than that others
will so fail.

Thus it is we have among us a class
of persons, seeming almost to consti-
tute a race by themselves, who for no
fault of their own are apt to

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, SEPT. 11, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 1.25. If not paid within six months, 2.00. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. 627 Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS. All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

OUR BUFFALO TRIP AND VISIT AT THE CONVENTION.

Our intention was to go to Buffalo via Syracuse, there taking a train on the New York Central and Hudson River Railway, but we changed our mind and went via the Lake Ontario Shore Railroad (a division of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad, recently built, from Oswego to Lewiston) as far as Lewiston, and thence to Buffalo by the first named road.

Leaving our depot at about 1 P. M. Tuesday, August 26th, by the Oswego and Rome line (extending from Oswego to Richland,) we joined Mr. C. O. Upham, of Watertown, aboard the train. At Oswego, fifteen miles from here, we met Mr. E. E. Miles, of Syracuse, and Mr. Willis Hubbard, a teacher in the Michigan Institution, who spent his vacation with Oswego friends. Mr. Hubbard left Oswego the next day, stopping over at Niagara Falls on his way to Flint, Mich. We saw him for a few hours while the convention was visiting the Falls. Messrs. Upham and Miles and myself traveled together to Buffalo, and had a very pleasant time.

The route over the Lake Ontario Shore Railroad, which we were traversing for the first time, afforded us many new scenes and refreshing views. Passing through Niagara county, we observed hundreds of peach orchards with the trees well loaded with luscious fruit. This county is widely celebrated for its abundance of fruit, especially peaches and apples, which are of rare quality. At Lewiston we changed cars, and arrived at Buffalo at a few minutes past 9 P. M., being met at the depot by quite a large number of deaf-mutes. We put up at Congress Hall.

We soon learned that there was not a very large number from abroad to attend the convention. We hoped that more would arrive the following day, but that hope was not realized.

In point of intellect the convention was well represented, but, owing to thin attendance, it was a financial failure, and to meet the expenses of the convention it became necessary to draw largely from the accrued funds of the association's treasury. Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet and Dr. I. L. Peet were welcomed gladly, being the life of the association and contributing much to the happiness of those at the convention. Many thanks are due them for their trouble of translating the proceedings of the convention. A large share of the success of the convention is also due to the efforts of Revs. Drs. Brokkelen and Chester, for which they have the hearty thanks of the association.

The leading and condemning spirit manifested at the convention was evidenced in the untimely anathemas expressed in regard to the Brooklyn *Leader*, and we presume that if its editor, W. A. Bond, had been present all the papers he has published since the starting of the *Leader* would not have served for sufficient gun wads for the shots fired at him by the convention.

In the afternoon of the following day we accompanied the convention excursionists to Niagara Falls, and, as we were thus far on our way homeward, did not return with them in the evening to Buffalo. We remained over night at the Falls. In the evening, after supper, Messrs. S. A. Taber, Alphonse Johnson, H. A. Sturmill, and E. E. Miles, and myself strolled down to the Falls. We were very much delighted with the magnificent electric lights. The various colors diffused by them over the Falls are supremely beautiful. Prospect Park is illuminated by a few of these lights, and is, by far, better lighted than it could be by several hundred gas jets. We went on to Goat Island, visited every other place worth viewing, and were well

pleased with our stroll. To enter the various places of sight-seeing, which is quite expensive in the day time, cost us nothing in the evening, and the bright moon-light revealed everything distinctly to our sight. We returned to the hotel at about 2 A. M.

Mr. Miles and myself arose at five o'clock, and at 5:30 left for home by the way we reached the convention. We left our companions in bed, as they were to take the seven o'clock train for Buffalo. At Oswego we parted with Mr. Miles, who went thence to Syracuse via the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. We reached Mexico at about 2:30 P. M.

We cannot close without saying that we are under many obligations to the gentlemanly, courteous conductor, Mr. Charles R. Spear, for notifying us of many places on the route worthy of mention and of much interest to us, and also for other courtesies extended.

MISUSE OF PRIVATE LETTERS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8, 1879.

DEAR SIR:—On reaching home last Saturday I was told by some friends that the Brooklyn *Leader* had recently published a letter from me. Please allow me to state, through the *JOURNAL*, that the letter was a personal one, written some time before the *Leader* made its appearance.

Yours sincerely,
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

CHURCH NOTICES.

On Sunday, September 14th, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet expects to baptize a child of Mr. and Mrs. Southwick at St. Peter's Church, Salem, Mass., in the forenoon, conduct the monthly services for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Boston, at 3 P. M., and interpret at confirmation services in St. Peter's Church, Beverly, at 7:30 P. M.

A service for deaf-mutes will be held in Buel Church, Buel, N. Y., at 2 P. M. Sunday, September 14th. Professor Edward P. Hart, of Rochester, N. Y., acting as interpreter.

NOTICE.

The writer holds himself in readiness to respond to calls in his line of duty as a minister of the gospel, and asks to be informed when he can be of help in trouble and sickness or with counsel in spiritual matters. It is his duty to respond to such calls, and he is only too happy to know when he can be of help. Those who desire his services on any particular occasion may give timely notice personally or by letter, or, if need be, by telegram. If no immediate response is made it must be attributed to engagements made previously.

Yours,
A. W. MANN.
No. 21 Williams street, Cleveland, O., Sept. 8, 1879.

A SINGULAR WILL CASE.

The French Minister will soon have brought to his notice a will controversy of a singular and sensational character. The brother and mother of a deaf-mute French girl, who had the disposition of a property valued at a million dollars, have for some years been at variance, and the quarrel resulted in the secret flight of the girl, last February, to her brother in France, and her subsequent death there. The mother, a clerk in the Government Printing-Office, claims she was enticed away under a conspiracy, and has enlisted in her behalf President Gallaudet, of the National Deaf-Mute College, Rev. Dr. Parot, her pastor, the family physician, and others.—*Ec.*

A Table,
For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

SEPT. 14th, 1879.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 14th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Deuteronomy xxxiii.

2d Lesson—Matthew xxv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 14th day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Deuteronomy xxxiv.

2d Lesson—1 Peter i.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

One of our correspondents writes: "A question for the Brooklyn editor of the *Leader*. Not long since that scurrilous sheet inquired of Messrs. Carlin, Newell, and W. O. Fitzgerald, trustees of the building fund committee, who bear honorable and unblemished characters, whether they receive salaries for their services. By this question the editor of the *Leader* lays himself open to the charge either of ignorance or knavery; for he ought to know that, in accordance with State laws, trustees of benevolent institutions cannot receive salaries. If he does not know it he is an ignoramus, and if he does and still asks this question, thereby insinuating corruption, he is a knave. Which is Mr. Bond?"

SUNDAY after next, the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, is likely to become widely known by the name that has been recently given it: Deaf-Mute Sunday. We take this occasion to remind rectors of parishes intending to make an offering for the charity so appropriate to that day, that timely notice may be given from the chancel next Sunday. One little indication of the need of our missionary work among the deaf-mutes has fallen under our observation, and may be mentioned. A base-ball club, from a certain institution, and a club by the way that can play famously, recently advertised and played a game on Sunday, in a Sunday pleasure ground. No doubt a great many good people were shocked at such an outcome from one of our public charities. But who is responsible? How can the mutes be expected to make a better use of the day unless they are taught to worship? And how can they be taught to worship if such facilities as our church affords fail to reach them?—*Standard of the Cross*, Aug. 21, 1879.

"What gender is sugar?" asked a teacher of a grammar class. "What kind of sugar?" asked a boy. "What kind?" repeated the teacher. "What has that to do with it?" "Why, if it's maple sugar it's feminine gender," said the boy. "Why feminine gender?" asked the teacher with a puzzled face. "Because you can't tell its age," promptly replied the boy.

—The leading London paper, reviewing the iron trade, says: "It is a significant fact that while every Bessemer converter in the United States is in full swing there are no less than forty-four idle in the United Kingdom."

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Has the *Leader* "busted?" We have not seen it for weeks.

A party of ten ladies and gentlemen enjoyed a picnic at Cleveland lately.

The Illinois Institution has been renovated throughout, and looks as good as new.

The title of housekeeper at the Maryland Institution has been changed to assistant matron.

THAT obscure sheet published in Brooklyn got no praise at the convention, but, instead, was handled without gloves.

Mr. Montgomery's choir of little deaf-mute girls was a feature of the afternoon services of Sunday, September 7th, at the New York Institution. Minnie Flint was leader.

Prof. C. L. Williams passed through Chicago August 23d on his way to a new field of labor in Texas.

PROFESSOR Ely, of the Maryland Institution, went to Boston, Mass., August 18th. He returned to Frederick, on the 2d inst.

The Maryland Institution re-opens September 10th. The Baltimore pupils feel rather glum as the vacation is drawing to its close.

THERE are four or five candidates for the office of assistant matron at the Maryland Institution. It is not known as yet who is the successful one.

J. A. Frundie, of Lickville, Md., will be the second deaf-mute from that State to enter the college at Washington. His friends wish him success.

We have received a number of clippings from German papers, but, as our translator is off on his vacation, their publication will have to be deferred.

It is proposed to organize a literary association of deaf-mutes in this village. Those interested in the movement can make their wishes known through the columns of this paper.

CHRISTOPHER COLEMAN, the college student from Chicago, has been at work in a tin shop earning his own pocket money—not "loafing," as a St. Louis correspondent of the *Advocate* imagines.

A few days ago Henry Howland, of Wolcott, N. Y., cut one of his feet severely while chopping. The gash was sewed up by a physician, and our informant writes that the injured man is improving.

A new superintendent of the Texas Institution will be appointed this fall. The former ones were speaking gentlemen, and as managers, decided failures. Would it not be the right thing to now give the mutes a chance to try their hand?

Mr. Sam Davidson, of Bradock, Pa., near Pittsburgh, was somewhat elated at a gift from his wife, formerly Miss Carrie J. Cummings. The presentation was made on the 26th of August last, and was no more nor less than a bouncing boy baby.

NEW RAMSAY, a 78 graduate of the Maryland Institution, is the only Baltimore deaf-mute who has hung out his shingle on his own account in the shoemaking line. Unlike other mute shoemakers who work in the large factories, Ned prefers to keep a shop of his own. He says he does a good business, and that he is seldom in want of work.

Mr. Robert M. Zeigler, a student of the National Deaf-Mute College, is visiting his friends in the city of Philadelphia. He went there from home August 3d, and expects to return home on the 10th of September. He visited Brewster I. Allabough August 30th, and spent a pleasant time with him until September 4th, having enjoyed himself apparently to his heart's content.

On the 23d of August Dennis Mahoney, accompanied by his nephew, had a very flattering reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Keyser. They met Harriet Keyser on their way to Elmira, N. Y., and had a very pleasant talk with her. Having spent two days pleasantly, they returned to Albany on Monday night.

Mr. Mahoney says that Mr. and Mrs. Keyser are progressing very finely, and have three children—two boys and one girl.

A writer says: "I read your Chicago correspondent's letter on the subject of 'national convention' with a great deal of interest, and think, as he does, that the mutes should organize and manage it without the help of outsiders. I am astonished that such a business man as John Tillinghast is represented to be should think the aid of others necessary to get it under way. I thought he was aware that there are a number of intelligent mutes capable and willing to manage their own affairs without outside help. I most decidedly object to calling in the principals of mute institutions to run it as they wish, a la the Ohio (Instructors) convention, when all things are out and dried 'beforehand and run by a self-constituted few to suit themselves.'"

A Newark, N. J., writer says: "The Newark Daily Advertiser of September 3d says a few evenings ago John Bennett, a deaf-mute, living in West Orange, under the mountains, was walking up the mountains on his way home from Orange, when he was run over by a farmer named Vanil, from Livingston. His head was badly cut, his wrist was dislocated, and he suffered other injuries which will probably prevent his working at his trade as a carpenter before spring."

Mr. Bennett says Vanil's team coming, and was walking on the side of the road, but he claims that Vanil was intoxicated and drove recklessly to the side of the road and ran over him."

One of our correspondents writes: "A question for the Brooklyn editor of the *Leader*. Not long since that scurrilous sheet inquired of Messrs. Carlin, Newell, and W. O. Fitzgerald, trustees of the building fund committee, who bear honorable and unblemished characters, whether they receive salaries for their services. By this question the editor of the *Leader* lays himself open to the charge either of ignorance or knavery; for he ought to know that, in accordance with State laws, trustees of benevolent institutions cannot receive salaries. If he does not know it he is an ignoramus, and if he does and still asks this question, thereby insinuating corruption, he is a knave. Which is Mr. Bond?"

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THE PENNSYLVANIA INSTITUTION WAS CLOSED JUNE 26th, AND RE-OPENED ON THE FIRST WEDNESDAY OF SEPTEMBER.

"KINDER-WORG" advertisements are conspicuous, only mixed up with items about deaf-mutes in the *Advocate*.

H. W. SMITH, of Albion, N. Y., was baptized at Trinity Church, Buffalo. He went there ostensibly to attend the convention.

THURSDAY EVENING was ring-musical at the late Manhattan Literary Club meeting. The way he used the whip made the two clowns jump.

Miss Sarah Harper wishes to inform Miss Nancy E. Lockwood, of Stamford, Conn., that she may be met at Morganville, Monmouth county, N. J.

FRANK HITCHCOCK, formerly a pupil at the Michigan Institution, will be a member of the High Class at the New York Institution for the next three years.

Miss Montgomery's choir of little deaf-mute girls was a feature of the afternoon services of Sunday, September 7th, at the New York Institution. Minnie Flint was leader.

Miss Lizzie Lamont, niece of Caroline Henry, a deaf-mute of Baltimore, Md., spent some days visiting her relatives and friends in Philadelphia, and then returned to Baltimore.

JOHN G. LOVE had a good situation in the Harvester works, at Syracuse, Illinois, but gave up his place because his employer wanted to reduce his wages from \$2 to \$1.50 a day.

Miss Maggie Wilson, a sister of Miss Jennie Wilson, a care-taker at the Mansion House (an adjunct of the New York Institution), has been appointed supervisor of the girls in place of Miss Vandemark, who resigned last August.

The next meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association promises to be a very large one. John Carlin, W. O. Fitzgerald, Theodore Froehlich, Albert Guggenheimer, E. Souveigne, George Farley, Bernard Clark, and many other prominent deaf-mutes will be present.

It is probable that the Keystone Temperance Society, of Philadelphia, will hold a meeting on the last Sunday of September, and it will continue to meet on the last Sunday of each month until June. Last year the society had about ninety-five members, and we hope that it will do better this year than last.

Mr. Joseph Lovey Clemens resumed his duties as night-watchman at the New York Institution on Wednesday. For the last few days Joseph has been working with a lawn mower on the institution grounds. He says if you keep it well greased it runs easy, but on the whole he prefers to wind the time-detector.

Mr. Edwin Southwick, a teacher in the Iowa Institution, has been spending his vacation very pleasantly in Albany, N. Y., with his venerable father and brother, John T. Southwick, the latter of whom has for many years been profitably employed in the State printing-office of Weed, Parsons & Co.

Our worthy little friend, Mr. John D. Pickens, of Peotree, has at last bought himself a fine farm, situated on the waters of Syracuse, six miles from Clarkburg, on the North-western turnpike. It is one of the most desirable farms in Harrison county. They will move on it the first of October.—*Buckhannon*, W. Va., *Danvers*, Sept. 6, 1879.

ABOUT the middle of July Charles O'Brien, of Tarrytown, gave Henry McClave, of the same place, a beating, cutting his face in a fearful manner. O'Brien alleges that McClave had startled him. O'Brien then fled to New York, where he now resides. McClave procured a warrant for O'Brien's arrest, and it will go hard with him if he is found in Tarrytown.

SAYS our Watkins, N. Y., correspondent: "Sunday, the 7th inst., was, as ever, our holiday in the beautiful village of Watkins, and found us in the Glen Mountain House enjoying a reunion. There were six deaf-mutes present, and soon we were favored with many pleasing chats from a newly-married couple and guests, who are speaking people. They were very clever. At dark we disbanded for home with hearty remembrances of the pleasant reunion."

THE *Advocate* claims to print over 65,000 ems of reading matter per week, and says that none of the other deaf-mute papers print over 5,000 ems a week. We don't see how the *Advocate* makes 65,000 ems, unless it counts the patent medicine advertisements as reading matter. We have measured the last issue of the *Advocate* and the last issue of the *JOURNAL*, and find that, exclusive of advertisements, the *Advocate* contains a little over 45,000 ems, while the *JOURNAL* has over 72,000 ems.

To show the vile intentions of the *Leader*, Bond has been trying to induce an engraver (deaf-mute) of New York city to make a wood-cut caricature of Dr. Peet, and gave the engraver instructions as follows: Dr. Peet was to appear whipping a little negro boy, who is crying for mercy. It is quite unnecessary to state that such a scene never took place in the New York Institution. He also wanted one of the teachers caricatured. Bond's motto seems to be, "Malice toward all, love toward none."

Mr. and Mrs. W. Miles, of North Indianapolis, Ind., are visiting friends at Canandaigua, N. Y. They have been spending the summer visiting in that portion of this State, and have visited relatives and deaf-mutes in eight different villages. They leave soon for home via Toledo, O., where they will stop to visit relatives and friends, among others Mr. Joseph Ford, a lawyer of that city. While in Toledo they will be pleased to receive calls from deaf-mutes of that city. They expect to reach home in October.

THE *Advocate* says: "We think that Mr. Thomas Gallaudet made a mistake for condescending to write a letter to Mr. Bond of that tawdry sheet in Brooklyn. We think he should have let Mr. Bond alone. Mr. Bond is not the friend of the poor deaf and dumb." The *Advocate* is mistaken if it supposes Dr. Gallaudet wrote a letter to Mr. Bond lately. The letter in question was written over one year ago, long before the *Leader* had been started, and before it was known that Bond contemplated printing such a sheet. This cowardly villain keeps all private letters carefully locked up, so that, if, at any future time, he should have a spite against the writer he can have them published. Dr. Gallaudet's letter seems to be an answer to a grumbling inquiry sent to him about the Manhattan Literary Association, the "aristocratic" and poor deaf-mutes, and the Church Mission. The answer to such an inquiry is just such as a true Christian would write, and in publishing it, Bond only disgusts Dr. Gallaudet and calls on himself the hearty disgust of all well-meaning persons. Bond belongs to that class of people who always try to find fault with everything, not in order to do good, but from a conceived impression that they are displaying some fine discriminating powers. He and his associates should be shunned by all respectable mutes as a pack of human wolves whose only delight is to spread trouble and dissatisfaction wherever they can.

"A coward brood, which mangle as they prey, By hellish instinct, all who cross their way."

—The deaths from violence—by murder, accident, etc.—are four times greater in England than in Italy, although the latter has a larger population. This is due to the number killed in mines in England.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The first regular, or rather irregular, meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association took place on Thursday evening, September 4th, at eight o'clock. There was a large attendance, half of the assembly being non-members.

The crowd was drawn by the announcement that Bond would attend, and would be compelled to pay over what money he had belonging to the association, which he received from the sale of tickets to the late picnic.

Upon being asked by Godfrey if we had come to see the circus, we cast our eyes on Bond, then on Godfrey, and then glanced at Fred. Brown (dunkey-in-ordinary to Bond and Godfrey), and remarked that we had not expected to see a circus, but as there were two clowns and a monkey present we began to think there might be a circus after all.

The meeting was opened by President Diamond, who stated the objective business for the evening, and expressed a hope that the members would not waste time by reverting to other subjects, but would confine their remarks entirely to the point at issue, viz., a final settlement of the affairs of the late picnic, of which W. A. Bond was chairman, etc., etc.

Each member was then requested to account for tickets he may have had. One by one, as their names were read, the members stepped up and settled their accounts, until the name Fred. Brown—"devil" of the Brooklyn *Leader*—was called. This young man had the sublime impudence to say he had forgotten his money. Mr. Fitzgerald remarked that this excuse was one of the gazette he had ever heard, as there had been so much talk about the money during the last month that it was next to impossible to forget it. Bond and Godfrey here made a flourish, saying they would pay it for him, but as their combined wealth was insufficient it had to be postponed.

While the money was being paid in, Dr. Gallaudet entered, and greeted the members in his friendly way, shaking hands with some of them. He offered his hand to Bond, but that wretch

"Whose name—whose human name —To every eye, The climax of all scorn should Hang on high,"

refused it with a saucy remark. Godfrey, taking the cue from his leader, did likewise.

Dr. Gallaudet proceeded to say a few words to the members, observing that he was glad to see them together again, and hoped that the association would continue to improve during the coming year. He was here interrupted by Bond, who requested him to sit down. Several of the members and non-members were for pitching Bond out; but Dr. Gallaudet counselled mildness, and then withdrew.

The treasurer then read his report. He had received \$65.45, which was \$4.15 too little.

Mr. Theodore Froehlich observed that a great deal had been said of his remarks at a previous meeting, which had been misconstrued as a personal attack on Bond, but he assured every one that he was only working for the good of the association, and that his words had no personal bearing whatever. He then added that W. A. Bond generally jeered at the remarks made by any of the members, and wanted them to accept as law what ever he said, that he acted as if he were the luminary that shed light on all subjects, and that any theories or opinions adverse to his own must necessarily be wrong.

Mr. Froehlich then asked that a statement of the receipts and expenditures be written on the large slate at the head of the room, so that all the members could see it.

Mr. W. A. Bond now took the floor, and frantically clawed the air while struggling with some address, the gist of which was a denial of any intention to cheat the association, and requested that a committee of three members be appointed to try him.

Mr. Thomas Godfrey followed Bond with an incoherent herbage, which consisted chiefly in assertions and contradictions with no reasoning to back them up. Godfrey seemed to be mixing things, when Bond jumped to his feet and corrected him, whereupon Godfrey stopped, and in a confused and humble sort of way nodded to what Bond was telling him and then took his seat. Can it be that he had forgotten his lesson?

Mr. Frank Kingman asked permission to say a few words, which was granted. He had hardly begun, however, when Bond interrupted him and objected to it as having no relation to the present subject. It was about the \$50 loan.

Mr. Froehlich spoke of Bond's refusal to attend a meeting called by the Vice-President, on the ground that it was illegal.

Bond replied that no one but himself had any right to call a meeting; that he was chairman, and that he had full authority over all the members.

Several members indignantly repudiated this assertion, and told him his power was confined to the committee of which he was chairman. Bond made a feeble denial, and then admitted that he was wrong.

Mr. W. O. Fitzgerald asked Bond how many tickets were printed. Bond referred him to the receipted bill, saying that 600 was the number. Mr. Fitzgerald then said that printers always put in a few extra tickets, and that they never marked the exact number on the bill, and as W. A. Bond ordered and received them from the printer, and afterwards signed them and took them in at the gangway on the day of the excursion, he ought to explain about the extra tickets.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION.

The first regular, or rather irregular, meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association took place on Thursday evening, September 4th, at eight o'clock. There was a large attendance, half of the assembly being non-members.

The crowd was drawn by the announcement that Bond would attend, and would be compelled to pay over what money he had belonging to the association, which he received from the sale of tickets to the late picnic.

Upon being asked by Godfrey if we had come to see the circus, we cast our eyes on Bond, then on Godfrey, and then glanced at Fred. Brown (dunkey-in-ordinary to Bond and Godfrey), and remarked that we had not expected to see a circus, but as there were two clowns and a monkey present we began to think there might be a circus after all.

The meeting was opened by President Diamond, who stated the objective business for the evening, and expressed a hope that the members would not waste time by reverting to other subjects, but would confine their remarks entirely to the point at issue, viz., a final settlement of the affairs of the late picnic, of which W. A. Bond was chairman, etc., etc.

Each member was then requested to account for tickets he may have had. One by one, as their names were read, the members stepped up and settled their accounts, until the name Fred. Brown—"devil" of the Brooklyn *Leader*—was called. This young man had the sublime impudence to say he had forgotten his money. Mr. Fitzgerald remarked that this excuse was one of the gazette he had ever heard, as there had been so much talk about the money during the last month that it was next to impossible to forget it. Bond and Godfrey here made a flourish, saying they would pay it for him, but as their combined wealth was insufficient it had to be postponed.

While the money was being paid in, Dr. Gallaudet entered, and greeted the members in his friendly way, shaking hands with some of them. He offered his hand to Bond, but that wretch

"Whose name—whose human name —To every eye, The climax of all scorn should Hang on high,"

refused it with a saucy remark. Godfrey, taking the cue from his leader, did likewise.

Dr. Gallaudet proceeded to say a few words to the members, observing that he was glad to see them together again, and hoped that the association would continue to improve during the coming year. He was here interrupted by Bond, who requested him to sit down. Several of the members and non-members were for pitching Bond out; but Dr. Gallaudet counselled mildness, and then withdrew.

The treasurer then read his report. He had received \$65.45, which was \$4.15 too little.

Mr. Theodore Froehlich observed that a great deal had been said of his remarks at a previous meeting, which had been misconstrued as a personal attack on Bond, but he assured every one that he was only working for the good of the association, and that his words had no personal bearing whatever. He then added that W. A. Bond generally jeered at the remarks made by any of the members, and wanted them to accept as law what ever he said, that he acted as if he were the luminary that shed light on all subjects, and that any theories or opinions adverse to his own must necessarily be wrong.

Mr. Froehlich then asked that a statement of the receipts and expenditures be written on the large slate at the head of the room, so that all the members could see it.

Mr. W. A. Bond now took the floor, and frantically clawed the air while struggling with some address, the gist of which was a denial of any intention to cheat the association, and requested that a committee of three members be appointed to try him.

Mr. Thomas Godfrey followed Bond with an incoherent herbage, which consisted chiefly in assertions and contradictions with no reasoning to back them up. Godfrey seemed to be mixing things, when Bond jumped to his feet and corrected him, whereupon Godfrey stopped, and in a confused and humble sort of way nodded to what Bond was telling him and then took his seat. Can it be that he had forgotten his lesson?

Mr. Frank Kingman asked permission to say a few words, which was granted. He had hardly begun, however, when Bond interrupted him and objected to it as having no relation to the present subject. It was about the \$50 loan.

Mr. Froehlich spoke of Bond's refusal to attend a meeting called by the Vice-President, on the ground that it was illegal.

Bond replied that no one but himself had any right to call a meeting; that he was chairman, and that he had full authority over all the members.

Several members indignantly repudiated this assertion, and told him his power was confined to the committee of which he was chairman. Bond made a feeble denial, and then admitted that he was wrong.

Correspondence.

Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.

THE COMING NATIONAL CONVENTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—As my name has been mentioned in connection with a national convention, I rise not to explain, but to ask a few questions and to make a few suggestive remarks. Some of your correspondents call it a "National Deaf-Mute Convention," while friend Tillinghast leaves out the "Deaf-Mute," and names some four or five oral gentlemen as leading spirits of the coming convention. Now, what I wish to know is, should the convention be exclusive of deaf-mutes (including semi-mutes) from any and all parts of America (including the Canadas and Mexico), or of both deaf-mutes and vocal gentlemen (ladies excluded as delegates)? 2. If only of deaf-mutes, then only of deaf-mute teachers or any and all deaf-mutes who may chance to attend? 3. For what purpose is such a convention needed? 4. How long should it be held?

As to the first question, my idea is, and has been for many years, as I have long felt the need of such a convention, that it should be composed of deaf-mutes and semi-mutes only, as a separate and distinct class, with whom the oral class has no identical interest only as benefactors and friends, but who will be cordially welcomed as friendly visitors, whom we shall be pleased to see present to watch the proceedings of the convention for new lessons as to the nature, tendency, and needs of the mutes as a class, &c. Therefore the name should be "The First National Deaf-Mute Convention" or "The First National Convention of Deaf-Mutes." If any one objects to the word deaf-mute in the name it (objection) will save more of foolish pride than good sense; and he who prefers to sail under false colors, as a hiding cloud, can hardly be strictly honest. No matter how much we may try to hide our deafness and dumbness, the public will call us deaf-mutes, and also fools, if we protest against the name or act hypocritically about it. Besides, if the oral teachers are not ashamed of being called teachers of "deaf-mutes," and their conventions called "deaf-mute teachers' conventions," I do not see why we should be ashamed of it ourselves. As to the second question, it should, for the present, be composed of both mute teachers and those who are not, a sort of a general, and not a special, convention. As to the third question, all subjects bearing upon the interest and welfare of the deaf-mutes as a class should receive careful attention, such as what trades are best for deaf-mutes? What proportion of mutes should follow farming, gardening, and fruit raising? Are large or small schools (I dislike the name "institution," as much as I do "asylum," because it also deceives the public), the best for our people? Do deaf-mute children while at State schools receive that moral, (I leave out religious as schools have nothing to do with sectarianism) domestic, and industrial attention and training that they should? Should the matrons, stewards, or clerks, and shop, farm, and garden bosses be well educated, and also fully understand the sign language, so as to fully and plainly explain the nature, use, &c., of those things that they are expected to teach the mutes, even to lecturing on subjects belonging to their respective vocations? As mutes cannot be taught trades, &c., at home any more than they can book keeping, the matrons and bosses should be able by signs to teach and train these children for an intelligent domestic life, especially the girls are the most neglected in those things belonging to their nature and occupation. The inability of the majority of mutes to read and fully understand books or farming, gardening, cooking, trades, materials, &c., shows the absolute necessity for the matrons and bosses to be fully armed as to knowledge and practice in their respective fields, with a good command of signs, so as to properly teach mutes correctly and fully, and not to drive them, like hogs and cattle, by girations and awkward "motions," but as rational beings. Is the numbering of mute pupils like "jail birds" and cattle, instead of calling them by their names or sign-names, a civil way? Should well-educated, intelligent, and sensible mutes be entirely ignored by the legislatures and governors as unfit to fill positions as trustees of the State mute schools? (By all that is just, are not mutes citizens? If so, why are they thus ignored? If there were one or more intelligent mutes on the board of trustees, would not this guard against the wooling of the eyes of those members of the board who do not understand signs, and thus enable the board to act more in the interest of the school than they can by depending entirely upon the say so of those directly interested in those affairs that the board are selected to watch and guard from fraud and abuse as disinterested parties?) Is the National Deaf-Mute College a normal school, for the training of all who enter it, in the art of teaching. If not, why do all (?) of its students aim for a teacher's place? (While, it is a fact, not more than one in ten of any class of people is fit by nature and prepared by education to be a successful teacher—not successful in getting the largest salary, but successful in teaching children what they should know, and how to live good, useful, and happy lives.) Is it not a moral duty of all teachers of mutes to tell them plainly what vocation they are by nature, &c., best fitted to follow as a useful and successful life? (And not

leave them to blout in conceit, float in expectation of unmerited glory, and to gloat in the hopes of ease and big salaries, with doom written over them in the wrong vocation, as to their use here and a curse in the life to come! Because one can write a nice hand, or "cipher" well, or write for a newspaper, on small topics, or is a graduate of an institution for deaf mutes or of a college, is no sign at all that he is or can be a good teacher. One may have a fine ability to learn, memorize, and yet be a poor hand at teaching and training children. A good horseman is often a poor ox driver. *The love of children* and the love and gift to impart to others, all we know, for their special good, even to teaching and helping them to become *wiseer than ourselves*, is the first and indispensable qualification in a teacher. I have, here, made these side remarks, because the profession is crowded and run down by careless-moral and incompetent teachers, especially by oral ones. As a proof, look at the moral character and standing of mutes who have been to school, some of whom lie, slander, &c., right and left, and some of them have sworn falsely under oath.)

Should deaf-mutes intermarry or not? Should the semi-mutes marry their own class or intermarry with the congenital mutes? Are deaf-mute societies a blessing or a curse? Why do deaf mutes out-slander bad women and out-gossip old grannies? And what and where is the remedy for these disgusting and wicked habits? Should deafness and dumbness shield law-breaking mutes from legal penalties? Is it any more of a disgrace for a mute to sue a mute than it is for oral people to law with each other? Would the settling of four or more deaf-mute families in one neighborhood be an advantage or not? These and other questions should be examined and discussed in public and private by the deaf-mutes themselves, and we should not permit ourselves to be led altogether by the nose and be dictated to instead of consulted by the oral leaders, and prevent all abuses of our people, especially the chattel system of mutes as State paupers!

Some may think many of these questions belong more exclusively to a convention of teachers of mutes than to a mute convention, to which I would just say no, because the conventions of teachers are at present too largely composed of oral teachers, who reason and work from theory and observation, and who have no more personal experience in the channels of deafness and dumbness than a mute has in those of the blind, as to their peculiar life, feeling, wishes, and needs. The deaf-mutes themselves are the only ones who can fully understand those peculiarities of their people, and know from experience what they most need, and the best way to supply the needs. I say this with all due respect to our oral co-laborers. The oral teachers out-numbering the mute ones enables them to "capture" and run the conventions to suit themselves. The mute members do not occupy that prominence and wield that influence that they should, appearing more like visitors than members! Besides, when they do express themselves, their ideas are received by many of the oral teachers as coming from *inferiores*, and the floor yielded to them as a matter of courtesy, and not as members, who, of all others, should be heard first and last. The mutes' ignorance of the science of sound, or inability to hear, seems to breed in others the idea of inferiority—childishness. The mutes must take boldly hold of all these and all other questions of interest to them and their people, and study them up themselves till they fully understand them; and then when they attend a teachers' convention they will be more able to hold their own, and will receive that attention that they deserve. In the conventions of teachers of the blind, the blind members take prominent positions, and are often the main leaders, whose *ideas and wishes* are received with greater attention and authority than those of the seeing members, because they know their own peculiarities and speak from an experience that the seeing members are strangers to. Why not so with the mute members of a convention? The last convention of a convention? The last convention of the blind was presided over by a blind man! The same prominence should be given intelligent and experienced mutes in all conventions of teachers of mutes; and if vocal teachers are not willing to concede this they have no business in the profession, as they are placed in it for their aid to the mutes, and the mute schools are not for their selfish and special benefit. If mutes have no equal rights in these conventions that the oral teachers are bound to respect we should know it, and the sooner the better. The last convention, I am happy to say, was more given to the mute members than any previous one. The next one may be still more so, and so on until the mutes rise in such prominence, intelligence, &c., as to finally "capture the convention" and elect a mute president! This prospect shows that "the world moves!"

The convention should last a *whole* week, at least from 2 p. m. Wednesday till 6 or 11 p. m. Saturday, giving those time to attend most of the meeting who must go home on the Saturday evening train in order to be home for Monday's work, leaving members, especially the officers, to enjoy Sunday free from all business cares of the convention, and thus disperse pleasantly and leisurely on Monday. All Monday closing conventions that I have attended were *thin* things on that day, often closing unfinished in business for want of a *o'rain*, and with distracted attention, by the hurried preparation to get off for home. The cost for a week's board is often no more than for a few days; i. e. \$5 a

week is just as cheap as three or four days' sessions at \$1.25 or \$1.50 a day. The session should be held between the 10th of July and the 20th of August so as to give the mute teachers time to attend during their vacation. Some of the mute schools do not close till the last week in June, and some open the first week in September.

As to location, it should be as central as possible. Might as well talk of holding it in San Francisco as in New York. The convention should not be a sight-seeing one, or it will fill up with pleasure-seekers, who will annoy more than benefit it. As it is to be the first convention of its kind ever held in America, it should be composed of *honest and earnest thinkers and workers* in the mute world, so as to organize and do its work as manly and sensibly as possible, and go before the world with a record that will gain the good wishes and respect of all people; and thus gain for us a hearing that we cannot if we are mere pleasure-seekers. Of course we should aim to meet in a pleasant place, and make the gathering a pleasant one as to seeing and getting acquainted with our paper-friends, &c., but all this is secondary, and not of first importance. As some of our best thinkers and workers are poor, we should have it as central as possible so some of these can attend. There are only three good central places, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago. One of these three places should be chosen. At Chicago I could attend cheap as to car fare, but Cincinnati is the *most central* place (its coolest place on the hill), and is the place I name. St. Louis is also a good place, but a little too far for our friends east and south-east. Our California friends can get to Cincinnati about as cheap as to St. Louis.

Let all come who may—be they 10 or 500—open, organize and appoint a committee on credentials, with power to determine who may sit as members, so as to give every locality a just ratio in the proceedings, and all others as honorary members only, so as to bring the working force of the convention to a manageable number, and do our work up well and harmoniously, with no unnecessary delays in too long debates, &c.

Every mute in America, Canada included, is at liberty to send in any paper on any subject he or she thinks should receive the attention of the convention, which will be examined by the proper committee, and if found to be worthy of attention they will be reported back and recommended, then be read, &c. All communications should be written in plain hand, on one side of the sheet, as the convention will not have time to waste in waiting for the reader to find the right page or to study out turkey-track-hieroglyphics. And, as the reading must be by signs and finger-spelling, the communications should be as short as possible. These and the proceedings should be published in pamphlet form.

To bring this matter of a convention to a focus as to time and place, I hereby respectfully suggest that all who wish to attend send their names and the place and time that will suit them best to the JOURNAL and *Deaf-Mute Advance*, to be published regularly till the 1st of January, 1880, and that on January 1st, 1880, the majority count determine the place and time announced by these papers. After the announcement a committee of three of arrangements should be selected by each paper selecting one each to see about a hall, reduced railroad fares, accommodations, and to get up and send out circulars of call, &c.

P. A. EMERY.
Chicago, Ill., August 25, 1879.

WATKINS CORRESPONDENCE.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—After gathering quite an abundance of news, I am going to send you another communication that is expected to awaken your numerous readers.

Mr. William Warner, of Corning, who left the New York Institution in the year 1871, was in town, a guest of mine. He works at glass cutting in the glass works in that village. He said he was very much interested in the wonderful Watkins Glen, and he had been through it several times, yet he did not seem to feel satisfied. He left me at 1:30 p. m., for Geneva, on board the steamer Onondaga, accompanying an excursion from that village.

Last Sunday I went up to the Glen Mountain House for pleasure, accompanied by Mr. John Dougherty. There we were much refreshed by drinking mineral spring water, and then we sat down in the veranda, and conversed on various topics. Soon we were favored with a pleasant call from a nephew of Messrs. Robert H. and William T. Collins, both deaf-mutes, of Washington, Del. He was neither deaf nor dumb, but could talk on his fingers slowly. I was informed that he enjoyed a very nice time visiting in this vicinity. He was registered at the Glen Mountain House. He concluded to go to Niagara Falls last Monday.

I will give you a brief account of our basket picnic which took place yesterday at Glen Eldridge, four miles north of Watkins. The following are the names of the guests: Mr. and Mrs. Joel E. Andrews, of Odessa; John Dougherty, Miss Maggie E. Smith, and Miss Fattie Wright, of Watkins; Miss Minnie S. Andrews, of Odessa, and your correspondent. We were a small number, but we enjoyed an unusually splendid time, as the programme was good. The following exercises were on the programme: Jumping, running, targetting, boat-racing, dancing, refreshments, &c. The boat race was a tie between Joel and the writer; official time, 7 minutes and 15 seconds. The distance was somewhat long, and

with a turn. The lake was very rough. After taking our refreshments we drove "all abroad" for the Havana Glen Driving Park, three miles south of Watkins, to witness a foot-race between Professor M. D. Hager, of Michigan, and Mme. De Castello, of Missouri. We were hoaxed by the big bills, for the lady did not come at all. We found Hager walking on the track with dried corn-ears in his hands. I enjoyed playing ball for a short time with speaking boys. Later in the afternoon I was engaged until 7 o'clock p. m., as scorer for the pedestrians, M. D. Hager and Charles Fremont, of Watkins. At my word "Go" they walked away until nearly 6 o'clock, when they left the track for rest, with eight and one-half miles scored for Fremont and seven and one-half miles for Hager. Hager gave me a first-class cigar for my light services. I thanked him, and then lit it. Our guests assembled in a room in the hotel through the kindness of the proprietor, and took our cold lunch, drinking lemonade. After filling our stomachs we drove homeward in the evening. The sky was beautiful, the full moon pouring a pale light, and, indeed, we enjoyed a "moonlight ride." At Watkins the residents turned out and bade Joel and his wife and pretty Minnie (as Juliet) good-bye, the writer solemnly repeating a poem on "Good-Night" in sign-language, and then he was obliged to go home, but very lonely. I wish to tell you about my forthcoming boat-race with my competitor. Some days since he wished me to postpone the race for a short time, and I, pityingly, told him that the race would be postponed forever and that I will never row with him again. I also told him that I could beat him very easily. He did not respond to me. The race was agreed upon to take place on the 6th of September, for \$5 a side, and the distance one mile straight away. Last June I challenged all the Watkins boys of my age to row against me for \$5 a side, two miles with a turn, on Seneca Lake, but since then I have not heard from any one to accept it.

Yours respectfully,
RUSSELL SMITH.
Watkins, N. Y., August 31, 1879.

A SURPRISE PARTY AT JACKSON.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—On Thursday evening, the 28th ult., a surprise party took place at Mrs. William A. Blood's residence. There were 15 deaf-mutes present. Their names were as follows: The writer and Marcella Wilson; Mr. Marcus H. Kerr and wife; Mr. William H. Blood and wife; Mr. J. J. Borden and wife; Mr. Thomas Innis and wife; Mr. David Bennett and wife; William H. Krause, of Boston, Mass., and Miss Cora Butt and Willie Jewell, pupils of the Michigan Institution.

Notwithstanding the deaf-mutes of Jackson, Mich., are intelligent, William H. Krause, of Boston, Mass., an engraver on glass and silverware, was the leader of the party, and he delivered a wonderful essay and kept us laughing all time. When we were over talking we were invited to another room, where ice-cream was waiting for our arrival. We enjoyed ourselves splendidly. When the clock struck twelve the deaf-mutes departed for their homes and the writer and the lady bid farwell, farwell, to them.

The writer and the lady stopped all night at Mrs. W. H. Blood's residence. Next morning we departed for Lansing. We arrived at Lansing at 8 30 a. m. We spent all day at Lansing, and had a good time at the Toll-House, North Lansing. At five o'clock p. m., we departed for Flint, where we are staying at Marshall Wilcox's home here.

Some day this week the writer will visit the Michigan Institution.

I cannot forget to tell you about Mr. W. H. Blood, President of the Jackson Deaf-Mute Association. He is the only deaf-mute who has held services for deaf-mutes every Sunday at St. Paul's Church, Jackson. It is said that the deaf-mutes of that city will ask Rev. A. W. Mann to appoint Mr. Blood a lay-reader for the benefit of Jackson deaf mutes.

William H. Krause left Jackson for Boston, Mass., the same day we departed.

The writer is intending to look for a situation in this city. If he can get a steady job here, he will make his home here. The writer has been looking for a deaf-mute, by the name of Mr. Drayton, a printer, but could not find him.

Yours truly,
JOHN BROOKS.
Flint, Mich., September 1, 1879.

A RETORT.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The JOURNAL of August 28th contains an article signed "Wisconsin Girl Graduates" in which some person attempts to cast a slur upon the name of the wife of a graduate of the deaf-mute college, residing in a certain city in Northern Illinois, bordering on Lake Michigan. It would have served as well to have given the name of that graduate as to have given an easy track to him. Since the article was anonymous, it is not necessary to take any further notice of the reference to the lady in question than to brand it as vile a falsehood as ever was uttered. The writer of that article is referred to an article in the same number of the JOURNAL, from the pen of Miss Angie Fuller, entitled "Out on Slanderers and Gossip-Mongers." Read—Reflect—Digest. Very respectfully,
D. W. GEORGE.
No. 203 Cass St. Chicago, Ill., Aug. 31, 1879.

The National debt statement for August shows a reduction of \$2,527,395.93.

"CHRISTIE" MAKES A FEW EXPLANATIONS.

NEWPORT, Kt., Sept. 4, 1879.
EDITOR JOURNAL:—I noticed in your issue of three weeks ago an article, written by "A Friend," or some beardless boy, in reference to the desire of the lady to marry and the presentation of the articles to the other lady by Mr. Byrons. In reply I desire to state that there is not a word of truth in the statement, which has never yet been appreciated by those who have been long associated with these admirable ladies.

Mrs. Smithson, who received an excellent education in Europe and has resided in Newport and Cincinnati for about 12 years, is held in high estimation by all who know her, and enjoys the confidence and admiration of her many friends, both speaking and intelligent mutes. Your long-tongued correspondent ought to know that no such woman could have made her desire known, nor would she accept such men as "Mercury" and "A Friend."

As for the presentation of the articles mentioned by your correspondent, I admit that Mrs. Vance has a costly pair of shoes and two beautiful dresses, which are said to have been admired while she was at the re-union in Columbus last week, but I deny that she received them from Mr. Byrons. In Mrs. Vance's behalf I will state that she has been for many years considered one of the brightest young ladies that Newport ever produced. I point with pride to her ability, skillfulness, and polished manners, which have brought many friendly calls since she commenced housekeeping. Yes, Mr. Byrons is a kind-hearted man, but nothing can induce him to leave Newport, which he has so long learned to love.

Mrs. Smithson and Mrs. Vance, in company with several other mutes, left for Columbus on the 22d ult. to attend the reunion, which was kept up till Monday night. They came home with many incidents of pleasure and enjoyment.

To the regret of his many friends, Mr. J. H. Vance declined the nomination for the presidency, which resulted in the election of one of the college boys. When he left school, there was no college; but, like many others, he has since become more and more interested in the cultivation of his mind and the acquirement of useful knowledge, which is, as everybody knows, highly commendable.

Thus many of them are now well known, and need no further explanation as to their ability, intelligence, and respectability, which few of the college boys possess. Mr. Vance could have occupied the presidential chair, for I could point to the election of the late Governor Vance, of Ohio.

The friends of John Barriek will be exceedingly pleased to learn that he will continue to do as he did before, and take no notice of everything that has been unreasonably mentioned against him. He will be long remembered as the man who, with the assistance of Joseph H. Vance, ten years ago, organized the mute association, which was kept up until the fall of 1876, when the raid was made by the carpet-bagger. He considered himself too much abused to serve longer till he was again called by his faithful friends. Persons who have a spirit of jealousy generally dislike him, but many others have not yet deserted him, and have, accordingly, prevailed upon him to get up a similar meeting at some other place. He succeeded in getting up one, and intends to do all he can for the prosperity of the society. May success attend him.

Mrs. Smithson, in company with Miss Guard, started Tuesday evening for Elizabethtown, where she expects to spend two weeks with her friends. I hope Fannie will not stay away much longer, for her steps cannot be filled. She might miss the exposition to be held in Cincinnati, perhaps for two weeks.

Miss Guard spent a day with Miss Vance after returning from the reunion, on her way home. May she live to be present at another reunion.

But I have said enough for this time. I will keep your readers well informed of whatever may happen in this community.

[For the information of the above writer, and to save one person implicated from further criticism, we will state that "Mercury" had no connection with and was in no way interested in the letter referred to.—Ed.]

PREFERS TAFFY IN HER MOUTH.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—So a "crusty young bachelor" says "Geraldine" is a homely old maid, clinging to the last straw to catch a husband, does he? I am sorry to disappoint him, for she is not so very old or homely. Did he suppose she would say she was young and handsome, and have all at her feet in a moment? For men make fools of themselves where beauty reigns, and count goodness the lesser virtue—excepting, perhaps, "Rambler." He'll make a perfect model husband if he practices what he preaches. Lucky will she be who gets him. "Geraldine" don't want any of his taffy poured in her ear; she would rather have something nice poured in her mouth.

Love should not, like the butterfly, fly to and fro to that one bird, but warning take from its brief race, and have a fixed abiding place.

GERALDINE.

—Four boys, loitering around the railroad track at St. Louis, were caught by a switch-engine of the Iron Mountain Railroad. Both had both legs cut off—one above and the other below the knee; Goebel lost both legs below the knees; Kopt had both legs badly mangled, but not entirely amputated, and Reinhold had his right leg crushed.

GOOD COUNSEL.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I was mightily pleased with Miss Fuller's letter in last week's paper. I have read it over and over, and cannot but echo every word of it. I have been in many cities, and in not one place have I met a mute who was free from back-biting. Of course some did not intend harm to others, but if repeated it would certainly have made trouble. I do not wish to give the impression that I am perfect by any means, but the Lord preserve me from the evil of being a slanderer.

There is another great fault which I have noticed. The mutes are greatly given to "making the rich perfect, while the faults of the poor are mount-ains." It is no disgrace to be poor and work for a living. Indeed, it is greater honor to work and be independent than to live on one's parents as some mutes do. I think money earned with our own hands gives us more pleasure in spending than if earned by some one else. Money is a proper thing to have when its use is not abused, but it makes people selfish if they have much of it, and the more they have the more they want. I have seen many mutes called common because they were poor.

Well, dear girls, let us be common if being poor is all that makes us so. For my part I would rather have a friend that is poor and smart than rich and stupid. Dress as neat, girls, and look as pretty as you can, and do not envy those who dress better. There are many heavy hearts under all the fine dresses. I came across some very good advice, while reading the other day, that I want to copy. Let us all try to profit by it, also by Miss Fuller's letter, not read it and the next moment forget it all:

"If you would have friends at all don't set yourself up for a critic. If you do not like any one's nose, or object to any one's chin, do not put your feelings into words. If any one's manners do not please you, remember your own. People are not all made to suit one taste; recollect that. Take things as you find them unless you can alter them. Now a dinner, after it is swallowed, cannot be made any better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one and the speech of that one, the dress of one and the opinions of another, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun. If you are never pleased with any one no one will be pleased with you, and if it be known that you are hard to suit few will take pains to suit you."

GERALDINE.
September 4, 1879.

A HARBOR HURRAH!

CELEBRATION AT MICHIGAN CITY IN HONOR OF THE PROGRESS OF WORK ON THE HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS—MORE GOVERNMENT AID WANTED.

MICHIGAN CITY, Ind., August 21.

The harbor meeting here to-day was a decided success, senators, members of congress from this and adjoining states, State senators, representatives, State officers and business men from all portions of the State, to the number of three hundred, coming by the railroads. The trains arrived at 2 p. m., and were met by a delegation of citizens and the members of the common council outside the city and shown the harbor, after which the visitors were taken to Mozart hall, where a dinner was in waiting. Mayor John H. Barker made them a welcoming speech, in which he recited some of the early history of the harbor improvement, and in elegant and forcible language pointed out the importance of and necessity for a further extension of it. Major Smith, United States engineer in charge of the Indiana district, gave a history of the work so far as it has been done under his charge, showing the complete plan of the work by models and maps, and giving his estimate of the amount of money necessary to complete the work, now commenced, at \$200,000. The party then took a tour of inspection of the outer and river harbor on the steamer Corona, which had been chartered for the occasion. After a two-hours' trip they returned to the hall, where an excellent collation had been prepared, which was soon disposed of, and then short speeches were made by Congressman Butterworth, of Ohio, W. C. Myers and Wm. Hileman, members from this State, Senator Reeves, and about a dozen others, all expressing the warmest interest in the success of the harbor at this place, and on the importance to the interest of the State and whole country in having a commercial city at this point, all pledging themselves to use every exertion to get all the aid from the government that was necessary to complete the harbor. During the meeting statistics were produced showing that the lumber trade for the present season was more than 125 per cent. greater than it was last season, and estimates that for next year the business would much more than double the present year. The meeting adjourned at 11 o'clock, with a vote of thanks to the city for its hospitable treatment of its guests. Most of the delegates then took the cars for home.—*Chicago Times*.

Col. J. Thomas Scarf, editor of the Baltimore *Herald*, says the United States government owes the State of Maryland \$500,000 for advances made when the first capital was built at Washington. There is no doubt of the justice of the claim, but to get it is quite another question. \$500,000 with interest for about 90 years would be a very handsome sum to the treasury of the State of Maryland.

The Democratic State Convention, takes place at Syracuse to-day (Wednesday). Robinson will probably be nominated by acclamation.

A man named Toman, of Trenton, N. J., recently released from State Prison, cut his wife's throat, badly bruised her, sewed her up in a bag, and threw her into the cellar. He then took his son, aged nine years, and jumped into the canal. Toman was drowned, but the boy was rescued, and the woman died soon after being discovered.

A man with a \$600 diamond on his shirt bosom leaned over a hen coop in a Cincinnati market, and a hungry hen picked off the jewel and swallowed it. The thief was soon lost among the hundreds, and there was no way of identifying her. So the man bargained to have them killed, one after another, until the right crop was found. To recover the diamond cost him \$28.

A QUAKER PRINTER'S PROVERBS.

Never send an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name oftentimes secures publication to worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door of a printing-office, for he that answereth the rap sneereth in his sleeve and loseth time.

Never do thou loaf about and knock down type, or the boys will love thee as they do the shade trees when thou leavest.

Thou shouldst never read the copy on the printer's cases or the sharp and hooked containers thereof, or he may knock thee down.

Never inquire of the editor for news, for behold it is his business to give it to thee at the appointed time without asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what concerns thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.

Never examine thou the proof-sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eyes that thou mayest understand.

Thou shouldst not delude thyself with the thought that thou hast secured a dead-head copy of his paper, for, whilst the printer may smile and say it's all right, he'll never forget thy meanness.

Unfortunate Printer.

There was a compositor not only discharged from the San Jose *Herald* last night, but also fired down four flights of stairs by the infuriated foreman of that admirable paper. It seems the typo was to "live up" a certain speech delivered at the Workingmen's State convention, held in that town, with the usual marks in parenthesis. The "jour," who was carrying a little more beer than necessary, just got hold of wrong proceedings, causing the eloquent resolution of Mr. Van Arman, referring to the death of a member, to read something like this:

WHEREAS, it Pleased Divine Providence to remove from our midst our loved comrade Azariah McMuck (loud applause,) who has been cut off in the flower of his usefulness (laughter), and promise, it is

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved family (cheers), and friends our sincere sympathy in their hour of affliction (cries of "Put him out, and order," and assure that while we humbly bow to the will of (a voice, "Three cheers for Kearney.") Heaven, we lament our departed brother (roars of laughter), a fellow citizen of enlightend mind, statesmanlike views, (cries of "Oh! shut up! Let's adjourn!") and broad and generous sympathy for his kind. (Terrific cheers.) He is not lost, but gone before (derisive cries of "Oh! cheese it," and continued laughter.) etc.

In fact the widow McMuck is hunting for that unfortunate printer yet, and cherishes the conviction that he is still hiding in the hills.

Jay Gould has sent his check for \$5,000 to the Howard Association at Memphis for the yellow fever sufferers, with directions to draw on him for more if needed.

The Republican State Convention to nominate candidates to be supported at the coming election, took place at Saratoga last Wednesday. The following gentlemen were nominated: For Governor, Alonzo B. Cornell, of New York; Lieut. Gov., George G. Hoskins, of Wyoming; Secretary of State, Joseph B. Carr, of Rensselaer; Comptroller, James W. Wadsworth, of Livingston; Treasurer, Nathan D. Wendell, of Albany; Attorney-General, Hamilton Ward, of Allegany; State Engineer and Surveyor, Howard Soule, of Onondaga.

The United States sent 4,596,727 bushels of wheat to Europe last month, of which amount 2,486,395 bushels went from New York; 1,142,919 bushels from Baltimore; 706,465 bushels from Philadelphia; 276,988 bushels from Boston. During the same there were shipped of corn from New York, 777,962 bushels; from Baltimore, 143,686 bushels; from Boston, 972,009 bushels. Of a total of 6,490,393 bushels which left the above ports, 3,254,427, or over one-half, went from New York, showing that the latter city is still the great commercial emporium of this country.

A bright little Shoreham boy, who had been engaged in combat with another boy, was reproved by his aunt, who told him he ought always to wait until the other boy "pitched upon him." "Well," explained the young belligerent, "but if I wait for the other boy to begin I'm afraid there won't be any fight."

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, SEPT. 11, 1879.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

NOTES FROM PROF. JOB TURNER.

NASHUA, N. H., September 2, 1879.

My DEAR MR. RIDER:—Last Friday evening business called me from Boston to Salem, Mass., at the request of Mr. and Mrs. Southwick, both deaf-mutes. The same night Mr. Southwick and I went to see the industrial deaf-mute school at Beverly, about three miles distant, and were both surprised and pleased to find Mr. Swett seated in his rocking chair carrying on sign chats with a number of silent visitors who had come from that town to spend a social evening with him, which they often do, as I am informed. Their names were: William Bailey, Edward Welch, Charles Martin, Charles Lavy, Samuel S. Cross, and Mrs. Southwick, besides the inmates of the school. There I received the sad intelligence of the death and burial of the youngest child of Alonzo and Ellen R. Allard, both deaf-mutes, which occurred a few days previous. I passed another pleasant night under Mr. Swett's roof, which was fast approaching completion.

Mr. Bailey was born in Birmingham, Eng., attended a deaf-mute school there for a number of years, and was afterwards transferred to the American Asylum, where he remained for six years. He holds services in several Episcopal churches under the direction of the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet.

Mr. Welch is a native of England, and was educated at the deaf and dumb asylum at Old Kent, London.

On Saturday morning I met Messrs. John Butler and Henry A. Chapman, both deaf-mutes, in Beverly, which is a strictly temperance town. The latter signed to me that he was on his way to the industrial school to see it for a few hours.

I next called on Mr. and Mrs. George Homer, in Boston, who had been at the White Mountains about two weeks, and were much delighted with their visit.

I found myself in Nashua late in the evening, and received a most hospitable welcome from the Rev. Mr. Le Roy, the rector of the Church of the Good Shepherd. I conducted two combined services with the rector, one Sunday forenoon and the other in the evening, the newly and finely built Gothic church being well filled with a speaking congregation in the morning. There were fifteen silent listeners present, namely, Messrs. Kent and Worcester, of Amherst, N. H.; Mr. Charles Knight, of Worcester, Mass.; Misses Maggie and Nellie B. Peckie, of Clinton, Mass.; Miss Ellen M. Gilpatrick, of South Lancaster, Mass.; Mr. Thomas N. Head, of Hooksett, N. H.; Mr. and Mrs. Varnum B. Wright, Messrs. Frank P. Blodgett, Eton R. Gay, Edward Gaffney, and Frank Damon, of Nashua, N. H. In the afternoon, those who live far had to leave us, on account of their time being limited. In the evening we had about as large a speaking congregation but the number of deaf-mutes was reduced to six.

I may properly say how many deaf-mutes I met from the 22d of July last till the 31st of August, and also the causes of their deafness and their deaf-mute relationships. I met 108 deaf-mutes of both sexes from July 22d till August 31.

CAUSES OF THE DEAFNESS OF 108 SILENT PERSONS THAT I MET PERSONALLY.

Forty-five of them reported themselves as having been born deaf. One was in doubt whether he was born deaf or lost his hearing in infancy. One said that his father told him that he was born with imperfect hearing.

HOW SIXTY-FIVE OF THE 108 MUTES LOST THEIR HEARING.

Twenty-one	lost their hearing by scarlet fever.
Seven	" " " " fever.
Two	" " " " brain fever.
Two	" " " " colds.
Two	" " " " cold in head.
One	lost hearing by inflammation of the brain.
One	" " " " the cruelty of the mother.
One	" " " " dropsy in the head.
One	" " " " measles.
One	" " " " lung fever.
One	" " " " measles and mumps.
One	" " " " sores in the ears.
Two	" " " " whooping cough.
One	" " " " ulcers in the head.
One	" " " " ulcers in the ears.
One	" " " " rising in the head.
One	" " " " paralysis in the ears.
One	" " " " a fall in infancy.
One	" " " " a scald on the ears.
One	" " " " falling into a cellar.
One	" " " " typhus fever.
Two	" " " " scrofula.
Six	" " " " unknown diseases.
Four	" " " " sickness.
Two	" " " " spotted fever.

HOW MANY WERE MARRIED AND UNMARRIED.

Fifty-nine were married; forty-nine were unmarried.

HOW MANY OF THE FIFTY-NINE MUTES HAD MARRIED DEAF-MUTES, AND HOW MANY SPEAKING PERSONS.

Fifty-one had married deaf-mutes, and eight married speaking persons.

WHERE THE 108 MUTES WERE EDUCATED.

Ninety-three were educated at Hartford; 3 attending the asylum; 5 at New York; 1 in Germany; 2 in Ireland; 2 in England; and one attending public schools.

HOW MANY OF THE FIFTY-NINE WERE TWICE MARRIED.

Four or five.

THEIR DEAF-MUTE RELATIONSHIP.

One had a father and a son both deaf and dumb; one had a father and a mother deaf and dumb; two had a son each deaf and dumb; three had a brother each deaf and dumb; one had a sister each deaf and dumb; one

had two brothers deaf and dumb; three had a brother and sister each deaf and dumb; one had a daughter deaf and dumb; one had four sons deaf and dumb.

Mr. William B. Swett, Superintendent of the New England Industrial School, has given me permission to say that he has 132 deaf-mute relatives. His children are all speaking except his oldest daughter, who lost her hearing by measles at the age of two years. He became deaf, by the mumps and measles at the age of ten years.

HOW MANY OF THE FIFTY-NINE MARRIED MUTES HAD SPEAKING CHILDREN.

Forty-five had speaking children and fourteen deaf and dumb children. I must bid you good-bye, as I am obliged to go away.

Yours sincerely,
JOB TURNER.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Everything is quiet and pleasant in this city. I can write a little news, and your readers may be interested in it.

The Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf-Mutes will re-open on the 3d of September, and many pupils who have been home to visit their parents during the vacation will be glad to meet each other, and they will be in good health, and will improve in their studies.

Daniel Paul, Jr., has resigned his position as prefect in the institution for deaf-mutes, to take effect September 1st. He will leave there next Monday, and will live in Frankford, three or four miles from here, where he has got employment as a weaver. He has been prefect for nearly three years, and has been a faithful and good officer, and will be much missed by his friends in the institution. He is esteemed in this city, and is a young gentleman of intelligence. He will begin to work next Monday in his new position.

Mr. Charles H. Sharron, of Brinkerton, Pa., was appointed to fill the place of Mr. Paul. He came to the institution and began his duties as a prefect last Friday. He is a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, and left school two years ago. He was president of the boys' association in the institution. We hope that he will be successful. His father is a farmer.

One afternoon, several days ago, a deaf-mute boy in Lancaster, Pa., seven years old, a son of Mr. Benjamin Charles, was knocked down by a two-horse coach on North Queen street, and was trampled under the feet of the horses. It is singular that his bones were not broken, nor were there any internal injuries or even severe cuts or bruises. The boy, who had never been known to utter a loud sound before, cried out lustily when he found himself under the horses' feet. He was taken to his home. It remains to be seen whether or not the accident will result in his finding his speech. It is regarded as an unusual case.

Mr. Theodore Kiesel, of Delaware, a student of the deaf-mute college, was in town a few days ago. He was spending a day pleasantly in visiting his friends. The next day he went home.

Mr. Robert M. Zeigler, a student of the National Deaf-Mute College, came to town last week, and is spending two weeks in visiting his brother, Mr. John D. Zeigler. He is enjoying himself very much visiting his friends, who are glad to see him again. He is an intelligent, fine student. He will be admitted to the sophomore class this fall.

The library of the Philadelphia Deaf-Mute Association will be re-opened on the evening of the 4th of September. It is expected that Mr. F. Elwell, a recent graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College, will deliver an address before the society if he is introduced by the president.

Mr. Henry Stevenson will conduct the first services in church on the 7th of September.

Yours truly,
A PHILADELPHIAN.
Philadelphia, Pa., August 30, 1879.

NO FOUNDATION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In the "Itemizer" of the JOURNAL of last week's issue I noticed that my name was published as the person thinking of going to Nebraska next spring with a view to buying a farm. I would say that I never had such an idea. I have been brought up in a way that I have learned to love my sweet home, and so I have no proneness to part with those dear to me here and to be among strangers in the far West. Let it be understood that the above report has no foundation.

Yours truly,
JOSHUA R. PRATT.
Wolcott, N. Y., September 2, 1879.

KILLED BY THE CARS.

LEETONIA, O., August 31.—About two o'clock this afternoon, Willie Mainwaring, living in Washingtonville, two miles north of this place, was struck by a passenger train on the D. and N. L. Railroad while returning from New Lisbon, after taking a party home from Port Stanley, Canada. Mainwaring was walking on the track with a comrade, who claimed he made an exertion to get him off the track, but as the train was very close Mainwaring became frightened, stepped off once, then stepped back just in time to be struck. He lived about half an hour. This was the second time he was knocked from the track in nearly the same place.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—Weston and Rowell, who are now in this country, will at once go into training for the Astley belt championship which comes off in Gilmore's Garden this month.

SUNDAY READING.

UNRUFFLED REST.

BY SARAH CLARK COSE.

Dreams of the bitter past,
Why will ye always stay?
Lost loved ones, found at last,
Why will ye flit away?
Why will ye come and go
To vex my sad soul so?
Dear, calm, unruffled Rest,
Be for one hour my guest!

Not less of toll I claim—
Hands, folded idly by,
Rest for my aching brain!
This, this is all my cry:
Give me, O Lord, to know
Why all those things are so;
Make for one hour my guest,
Calm, sweet, unruffled Rest.

Could I recall some deed
Unmixed with selfish love,
To back my well-learned creed,
It would, like Noah's dove,
Bear me an olive leaf
To mitigate my grief,
And make unruffled Rest
For one brief hour my guest.

If I, like Israel's host,
Distrust the Holy One,
And say, with impious boast,
This work can not be done;
Reject His proffered palm
Who bade the tempest calm;
How can ye be my guest,
Pure, true, unruffled Rest?

Dear Lord, Thy power unfold,
Supreme and limitless;
Lift Thou me up, and hold,
Through weak and profitless;
For, clinging to Thy side,
I may earth's storms outside;
Then shall unruffled Rest
Dwell ever in my breast.

SUNSET.

'Tis Sabbath evening, the close of a bright summer's afternoon, and we behold the King of day fade slowly from our sight behind the western horizon, leaving all nature lighted up with that lovely hue so beautiful to gaze on, and yet so utterly indescribable to the pen of mortals. As we muse on this scene, there comes over us a sense of the hallowed peace and quiet which envelops all nature at this hour; and we seem to catch a glimpse of the world beyond. Presently our mind drifts out to the text of the morning's sermon: "When he giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?" and we feel that the peace of this calm summer evening is closely allied to that of the Christian's soul.

As the clouds that cover the face of the sky seem only to soften the twilight, and give a more beautiful shade to all nature, so with the clouds that obscure the sky of our life,—they only soften and refine our moral nature; and if we feel a sense of security when all is peaceful and serene, how much more may we feel it in time of trouble! One difference between the two is, twilight will be broken by night and disappear with the rising of the sun, while the peace of God is the same at noon-day as at the gentle haze of even. We often think at this hour that we could have no better aim for ourselves, or wish for our friends, than that the sky of life might be just enough filled with clouds to make a glorious sunset.

M. A. BROWN.

THE GREAT TRUTHS.

There are three great truths of the Bible teaching: love, sin, salvation—love, the divine law; sin, the actual human condition; and salvation, the glorious hope—and it is by the truth of this concurrent proclamation by patriarch, prophet, and apostle, that the Bible is to be tested. If love is not the law of moral and spiritual cohesion which the Bible represents it to be; if man has not broken it, and humanity has not come into moral chaos in consequence; if for humanity there is no helpful arm of love outstretched from the heavens to receive, then the Bible is false. But if these, its great proclamations, are verified by consciousness, experience and observation, then the claim of the Bible on our regard as the one book which gives a key to present mystery, and a hope for its future glorious solution, is not to be rejected because theologians and religious editors are not able to explain where Cain got his wife or why Matthew and Luke give various accounts of the healing of Bartimeus.—Christian Union.

In whatever you are called upon to do, endeavor to maintain a calm, collected, and prayerful state of mind. Self-recollection is of great importance. "It is good for a man to wait quietly for the salvation of the Lord." He who is in what may be called a spiritual hurry, or rather who runs without having evidence of being spiritually sent, makes haste to no purpose.

The border between faith and presumption, zeal and fanaticism, love and passion, liberty and license, is very narrow. And the strong resemblance of these opposites renders the crossing of the border downward exceedingly easy. It is equally true that where there are great opportunities for good, there are dangers.

As it is not putting on a gown that makes the scholar, but the inward habits of the mind, so it is not putting on outward walk of profession that makes a Christian, but the inward grace of the heart.

It is very dangerous for any man to find any spot on this broad globe that is sweeter to him than his home.

Proud hearts and lofty mountains are always barren.

THE AUDIPHONE.

A Remedy for Deafness Endorsed by a Distinguished Deaf Editor.

[Chicago Tribune.]

The ingenuity of American inventors has displayed itself for many years in the patenting of instruments to help the hearing of different people. All these devices are but modifications of the ear-trumpet. They have all been attempts to remedy, through the ear, a defect existing within it, and many not have undoubtedly rather worsened than bettered in its sense the constant use of the defective organ; and the throwing upon it of a greater volume of sound than it is naturally accustomed to has a tendency to increase the disease which has affected the hearing.

An inventor has now come forward, however, who has struck out on a new path; who has discarded the ear as the means of hearing, and putting one side all those ear-trumpets, large and small, which are bothersome to carry around, and which really are only available when a speaker talks directly into them, and which are particularly useless if listening at a public meeting, theatre, or an opera, and has utilized the mouth—or, to speak more directly, the teeth—as a means of making the deaf hear. It is the application of a long-known principle, but none the less ingenious, and none the less useful for that. The inventor is a Chicagoan—Mr. Richard S. Rhodes, the senior partner of the publishing firm of Rhodes & McClure. He has been deaf for nearly twenty years. After going through the usual routine of ear-trumpets, and all that sort of nonsense, and getting thoroughly disgusted with it, he happened one day to hold a watch between his teeth and noticed that he could distinctly hear its ticking, though when he held it to his ear no sound was audible. This set him thinking that possibly he might be able to invent some device by which the sound of the human voice could be transmitted to the auditory nerve, through the medium of the tube, just as the watch had been. So he launched out on a series of experiments, extending over many years, and costing not a little, which finally brought him to an assured success. He began by taking strips of wood, eight by nine inches each way, and, by holding the upper end against his teeth—the strip being so placed that the voice of the person to whom he was speaking should strike upon it, and the vibrations imparted to it by the voice might be given to his teeth, and thus

PASS TO THE AUDITORY NERVE.

He found that he was able to hear, but that the wood was too resonant. The sound thus obtained echoed too much. Those echoes run into one another so that the hearer hears a sound and nothing more. These experiments of wood were very thorough, extending over a hundred different kinds in as many different ways. Then he resorted to metal, trying tin, silver, steel, and brass, but with equally unsatisfactory results. He got the sound, but it was too hollow. He tried compositions of paper, and everything else imagination could suggest, until about a year ago he hit upon vulcanized rubber, and found that that article—which had not the resonance of many of the other things which he had tried—was the most satisfactory. Having convinced himself that that was the best medium for conveying sounds, he then had to go through another series of experiments to decide as to the best shape, and manner of using it. That problem he worked out to his satisfaction; and having convinced himself of his success, applied for letters-patent for what he called an Audiphone, or a sound hearer. Having thus secured himself by letters-patent, he has begun the manufacture of these instruments in New York, there not being the conveniences or skilled workmen here, and he is now ready to offer them for sale.

In its present shape the audiphone resembles nothing more than a good-sized fan. Though made of several sizes, the ones first manufactured are nine and one-half inches by nine inches—simply a sheet of vulcanized rubber, about 1-22 of an inch in thickness, set firmly in a handle of the same material. In the upper rim of this sheet are pierced some holes through which passes a silken cord. This goes down on the inner side of the sheet, to the handle, through a slot in which it passes. By pulling this cord the sheet is bent over at an angle which the user may desire. Each person has to ascertain for himself what kind of a curve of the rubber sheet will enable him to hear best. Generally it is very slight—only about ten or twelve degrees—though, apparently, the deaf person the greater the curve must be. When used, the person holding it simply touches the upper edge of the fan or audiphone, against the teeth of the upper jaw. The voice of the speaker strikes upon this tense sheet of rubber, and communicates to it vibrations which are in turn imparted to the teeth, and then pass to the auditory nerve. With this operation the outer ear has nothing whatever to do. The delicate machinery through which sound passing from without makes an impression upon the auditory nerve is not used at all. The outer ear may be stopped up entirely, so far as it is possible to do it, and yet one hears distinctly the moment the audiphone is applied to the teeth. It is necessary to use the teeth of the upper jaw, for the reason that they are more nearly in contact with the auditory nerve; nor does it make very much difference whether the teeth be one's own or artificial so long as those artificial teeth are tightly fitted; for when that is the case the vibration is imparted about as well as when they are natural teeth.

It is known that the editor of this paper has been deaf for a number of years, and that during that time he has used all the devices for improving his hearing that he could hear of or that were brought to him. None of them, however, were satisfactory. He has tried the audiphone for some weeks, and finds that it not only improves his hearing

BUT RESTORES THE SENSE OF HEARING TO HIM. Not merely does it answer when engaged in conversation with a person who is a foot or a few feet from him, but it answers perfectly at a concert. Each note of the musicians and each tone of the singer comes as clearly and distinctly as they did before the sense of hearing was impaired. Others have tested this instrument, and have expressed themselves satisfied with its workings.

CONDENSED NEWS.

—The iron trade is reviving.
—The yellow fever ravage at Memphis continues unabated.
—Queen Victoria has sent the Shah a very valuable barouche.

—Colonel Fred A. Demott died on his return trip from Europe.

—The India finances are so low that many officials are being discharged from the public works.

—The Swiss National Railway, recently sold for 4,000,000 francs, originally cost 30,000,000 francs.

—The excess of the earnings of the Sing Sing prison over the expenditures for August were \$3,300.

—Joseph W. Hunt, President of the Toledo, Delphos and Burlington Railroad, was instantly killed by the cars at Delphos.

—A party of about twenty farmers left Liverpool last Saturday by the steamer Guyon for New York, bound for the West.

—Barton Conklin, of Macedon, N. Y., died a few days ago of a disease pronounced by two physicians to be Asiatic cholera.

—T. W. Piper, of West Branch, N. Y., has a brood of chickens one of which has two necks and two heads joined to one body.

—The first bale of new cotton was sold in Louisville September 3d at auction for 20 cents a pound. It came from Trezevant, Tenn.

—A bald-headed gray eagle, eight feet across the extended wings, was shot a few days ago at the foot of Chapman's Mountain, near Paterson, N. J.

—Madison county, Virginia, has voted a subscription of \$50,000 for the extension of the Potomac, Fredericksburg and Piedmont Railway to the county seat.

—The building occupied by F. W. & I. W. Monroe, shoe manufacturers, Marblehead, Mass., was burned recently, causing a loss of \$18,000, but was fully insured.

—The wife of Lew Benedict, the negro minstrel, has obtained a divorce in Milwaukee. She is the daughter of a Methodist minister, and lately inherited \$40,000.

—A. L. Donaldson, a one-armed man, of Baltimore, a brother of the late aeronaut, swam from Norfolk to Old Point, Va., September 1st, a distance of fifteen miles, in six hours.

—The old soldiers of Cayuga, Seneca, and Wayne counties, N. Y., held a re-union last Thursday, Friday, and Saturday in Wayne's woods, on the west shore of Cayuga Lake, opposite Cayuga.

—As compared with 1877 there is an increase of English pauperism of 6 per cent, and as compared with 1878 9 per cent. The increase has been general all over the country, and is likely to be greater.

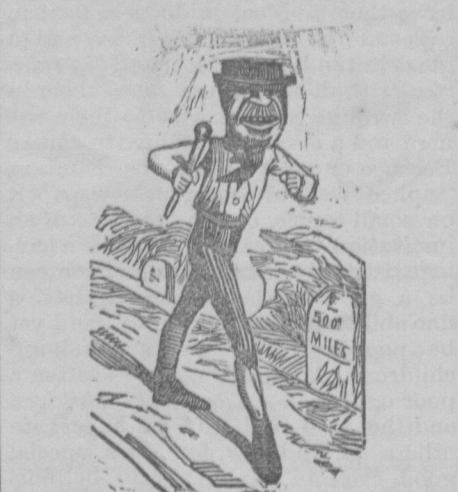
—The new United States official postal guide will contain a list of persons conducting fraudulent lotteries and other schemes to defraud the public to whom the payment of money orders and the delivery of registered letters has been prohibited.

—A severe storm occurred at New Orleans September 1st. The orange crop was much damaged, and some coal boats were sunk. The loss was estimated at \$100,000. At Morgan City several steamers were sunk, houses unroofed, and other damage done.

A Brave Lady!

(From the Courier.)

Mrs. Schoonmaker, of Creek Locks, Ulster Co., N. Y., had the misfortune to entirely lose the sight of one of her eyes, through an accident, and endured painful inflammatory action therein for two long years—the other eye finally becoming sympathetically affected; indeed, she was a mere wreck, a walking skeleton. In this terrible strait, she consulted Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who told her at once that the injured eye must be removed. She quietly but firmly said: "All right, Doctor, but don't give me chloroform. Let my husband sit by my side during the operation, and I will neither cry out or stir." The work was done, and the poor woman kept her word. Talk of soldierly courage! This showed greater pluck than it takes to face a hundred guns. To restore her general health and give tone and strength to the system, Dr. Kennedy then gave the "Favorite Remedy," which cleansed the blood and imparted new life to the long-suffering woman. She rapidly gained health and strength, and is now well. The "Favorite Remedy" is a priceless blessing to woman. No family should be without it. Your druggist has it. If not, send to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.



I am Going to Buy a Genuine Singer Sewing Machine!

GET THE BEST!

IT IS THE CHEAPEST!

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY'S NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINE.

The Genuine "Singer" is the simplest, strongest, and best adjusted machine EVER MADE. It is so simple that even a bungler can sew with it.

It is so strong that it is next to impossible to break or injure it with ordinary usage.

Its FINISH AND ADJUSTMENT are simply perfect. The PARTS are made by the best machinery in the world, and are perfectly adjusted and thoroughly finished. The machinery used for making the Genuine "Singer" Machines has been invented expressly for The Singer Manufacturing Company, and no other company has or can obtain machinery equal to it. This insures to the Genuine "Singer" Machine an exact ADAPTABILITY OF PARTS which it is impossible for any other machine to attain.

In consequence of this perfect harmony of parts the machine WEARS EVENLY, and this is why the "Singer" Machine is famous for OUTLASTING all other machines.

Thus the purchaser of a Genuine Singer Sewing Machine not only gets the BEST MADE, most EASILY UNDERSTOOD, and STRONGEST machine in the world, but one that WILL LAST LONGER than any other sewing machine ever invented, and

ALL FOR THE SAME PRICE CHARGED FOR INFERIOR MACHINES!

The Genuine Singer Machines are now selling at the GREAT REDUCTION OF \$30 LESS THAN FORMER PRICE!

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS MACHINES.

THE public are cautioned against impostors, who, attracted by the great reputation and success of our Machines, are endeavoring to palm off on purchasers an inferior Machine, made after the old pattern of the Singer Machine, but entirely wanting in that completeness of finish and durability which has made the Singer Machine so famous.

These counterfeit Machines will prove poor investments to those who, unfortunately, may be induced to buy them, because, 1st, they will not work as well as our better made Machines; 2d, they will not last as long, and, 3d, they are made after a model which this Company abandoned several years ago, and even if as well made, would be greatly inferior to the New Singer Family Machine. To guard against this imposition see that you purchase only from our authorized agents, and remember that every genuine Singer Machine has our Trade Mark (given on the arm of the Machine).

BEWARE OF BOGUS AGENTS!

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS MACHINES!

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS!

BUY THE GENUINE SINGER.

Buy Only From Our Authorized Agents, who will Sell no Other Make of Machine.

THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.,

34, Union Square, New York.

BRANCH OFFICE: No 3

FIRST STREET, FULTON,

N. Y.

A. BRISTAL,

Manager.

CLOTHIER & BENNETT,

Agents, Mexico, N. Y.

—The famous Whitehall gold mine on the narrow gauge railroad near Fredericksburg, Va., formerly owned by Commodore Stockton, has been purchased by Boston capitalists, and operations will be resumed in October. Some years ago this mine yielded \$146,000 in seven months.

—Richard Stevenson, a United States Deputy Marshal, arrested a horse-thief at Wellington, Kan., and was returning with his prisoner and a drummer to Kingman, when the thief snatched Stevenson's revolver, shot him dead, disarmed the commercial traveler, mounted the best horse, and fled to Indian Territory.

CHURCH WORK.

Prof. Job Turner is to hold services in the following places during August and September:

Sunday, August 10, Concord, N. H. Wednesday, " 13, somewhere at the White Mountains. Sunday, Aug. 17, St. Johnsbury, Vt. Wednesday, " 20, Newburyport, Mass. Sunday, " 24, Damariscotta, Me. Wednesday, " 27, Buffalo, N. Y., or Saco, Me.

Sunday, Aug. 31, Nashua, N. H. Wednesday, Sept. 3, Manchester, N. H. Sunday, " 7, Lawrence, Mass. Wednesday, " 10, Martha's Viney'd. Sunday, " 14, New York city. Tuesday, " 16, Bridgeport, Conn. Wednesday, " 17, New Haven, Conn. Friday, " 19, Springfield, Mass. Sunday, " 21, Worcester, Mass. Tuesday, " 23, Fitchburg, Mass. Thursday, " 25, Keene, N. H. Sunday, " 28, Norwich, Conn. Tuesday, " 30, Blackstone, Mass.

\$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do for the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. \$5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine.